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HOT TALES OF GAY LUST 2

Landon Dixon

Xcite

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A collection of twenty erotic stories

Landon Dixon

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WHEN A MAN
LOVES A MAN
EDITED BY LUCAS STEELE

Contents

Campus See-curity
Golden Boys
Hardboiled
Dicked
Hit On Me
Man Wanted
Hood
Nailed By Noir
Owner-Operator
Rendezvous In Porcelain
Shadow Over Southdale
False Fronts
Stickhandling
Troublemaker
Teaming Up
Classic
Down on the Bayou
Dream Lover
Glory, Glory Hole
Johnny Club

Campus See-curity

I'm a security guard. My beat is a second-rate college; my job, usually about as exciting as a Cop Rock re-run. One night, however, things really did heat up, and my nightstick got more than its usual palm piloting. This is how it went down.

My boss, Colonel Klink to the boys in blue polyester, told me to investigate reports of items getting stolen from the women's locker room in the athletic centre. So, I stashed my baloney-and-cheese-on-rye out of reach of his long arm and big mouth, and made tracks for the gym. The men's basketball team was practicing on the polished hardwood, and I stopped momentarily to give a brisk visual-frisking to the sweaty boys in their white shorts and blue tanks. Then I shifted my private's eye into the women's locker room.

I found nothing suspicious – other than the usual bra stuffings, nipple clip-ons and cameltoe enhancers – so I sidled on into the men's locker room, found more of the same. I decided to next check the crawlspace between the two shower rooms. And when I opened the trap door and dropped down onto the ground floor, I found that somebody else was already there ahead of me: a college boy!

'Explain yourself!' I barked, making rapid observational notes of his glossy black hair and liquid brown eyes, trim, tight body, pert buttocks and poking nipples.

The freshie looked at me unconcernedly, placed a slender digit up against his full-bodied lips and said, 'Shhh!' Then he sprang up onto his tip-toes and applied his eye to the outside wall of one of the shower rooms.

I made a brief, butt-thorough survey of his hot young body for weapons of any kind, and came away with a second baton tenting my pants. The size-small cutie was scantily and sexily attired in a cheerleading get-up, his slender legs spilling like spun caramel out of the bottom of his stretchy blue shorts, his smooth brown arms bare in a team white shirt that stretched tight across his chest and nipples. 'Step away, son,' I commanded.

He glanced at me, actually heeded my authoritative thunder, and moved back.

I shuffled forward in the tight enclosure to investigate, found a ragged peephole. The horny cheer-boy obviously liked to watch, probably secretly ogling the babes with the labes as they showered, I figured.

I pressed my orbital bone to the hole in the wall in order to rubber-stamp my suspicions, but saw nothing but wet tile and feet. The skin-sighter was only about twelve inches above floor level, so I tilted my eyeball heavenward and everything suddenly became a whole lot clearer, and a whole hell of a lot more exciting; for I was witnessing a couple of round-ballers scrubbing their long, lean bodies under the cascading hot water. This was the men's shower room, the ebony-skinned players sporting dangling dicks from their sudsed-up pubes.

'Sweet John Law,' I muttered, watching the gleaming guys sensuously soap and rinse.

So, my peeping-tom was a man-lover, like myself. As I digested that queer bit of information, and was about to turn and confront the petite perp in the name of duty, I felt a soft, warm hand reach around and seize my hardened length of steel.

'Keep right on looking, Officer,' the lusty lad breathed in my ear, buffing the rigid outline of my sex pistol.

He pressed close, his hot bod melting my tin badge on the other side, the tangy-sweet scent of his perspiration and body spray clogging my nostrils and dizzying my head. I had a job to do, but something had come up of an even greater imperative. So I stood there and

stared at the men up-front rubbing their bodies in the fine-needled spray, as the young man in behind rubbed my cock in a manner most fine.

I groaned, body flooding with heat, dick with maximum blood. And then the spy-guy suddenly dropped to his knees and unzipped me. I moved back a bit, to allow him to squirm in between the shower room wall and my blue-striped legs, get eye-to-eye with my ram-rod. But I never broke surveillance of the two showering liquorice hunks in the adjoining tiled playpen.

'My name's Sergio, by the way,' the brunette boy-toy said from between my lower limbs. He dragged my cock out of my fly-opening, the unconcealed weapon hard as fourth year quantum physics.

'Chad!' I grunted in reply. As Sergio clutched and stroked my laid-bare meat-club with his hot little brown hand. I just had to look down in appreciation.

'Nice to meet you, Officer Chad,' he said, looking up, tugging long and tight. Before sticking out a tongue as brilliantly pink as the inside of a girly snatch and slapping the wet mouth organ against my cock helmet.

'Officer downed,' I gasped, just about loud enough for the glistening gems on the other side of the wall to hear me.

They didn't, though. Because as I stuck my eye back into the peephole, I saw that they were now joined by the rest of the squad – ten pushing and shoving and laughing college team players as bare and buff as the first two, their hard bodies on display made absolutely delectable with a splash of water and a swipe of soap. I hadn't seen so much wet, cocky flesh since the time I'd rescued a pack of naked fraternity pledges from the lampposts they'd been duct-taped to during Hurricane Andrew.

Sergio swirled his slick tongue under and over and around my swollen dickhead, making my balls tighten and pulse race. Then he pasted the raging member up against my uniform pants and licked up and down the throbbing shaft, wet-stroking my flesh-stick like it was a melting Popsicle on a hot summer-school day.

'Suck me, baby,' I groaned, feeling every wicked tongue-drag all through my body and soul, ogling the steamy twelve-man shower scene.

Sergio gripped my extendable pole at the base and pulled it down like a campus election lever, swallowed my mushroomed cap in his sultry red mouth and started sucking. My knees buckled like when I'd gotten my SAT scores.

The whiz-kid stroked and sucked, sucked and stroked, subjecting my jangled senses to an oral exam that was a glowing testament to higher and harder education. Then he crammed as much rent-a-cop beef into his mouth as he could, and bobbed his head back and forth, deep-throating like a medical student with a tongue-depressor fetish.

'Yeah!' I growled, getting an eyeful, giving a mouthful.

I heard the breath whistle out of Sergio's button nose as he wet-vacced my prong, felt the humid heat of his heavy breathing up against my crotch. He pulled my balls out as he sucked, juggled them like a crowded course load. Life on the thin, blue line had never been so good. Klink was never going to buy the paperwork on this one.

And then things got still better, even hotter, when Sergio took one last sensual pull on my dong and popped it out of his cauldron of a mouth and blurted, 'Fuck me in the ass, Chad!'

I was all for it, always willing to provide back-up at a moment's notice. But the ball boys on the other side were really soaping up their studly bodies now, rubbing the dirt out of their butt cheeks and stroking the sweat out of their cocks in an awesome display of college spirit. And I didn't want to lose that.

Sergio saw my need and put his smarts to good use again. He slithered up in between me

and the wall, back and bum to my pointed front, packing us in tight, but leaving me with a clear view. Then he wriggled out of his shorts in a choreographed move that had me leading the cheers. I momentarily broke away from the hole to ogle his fresh, bronze buns, the young man's ass-ets good enough to eat, taut and mounded and smoothly cheeky.

'Fuck me!' he urged, assuming the position up against the wall and shuddering his luscious rump at me.

I quickly unholstered a tube of lube from my utility belt and greased my gun and the college boy's crack. He gasped and jerked when I finger-frisked his baby-bottom smooth butt cleavage. Full-out moaned when I sunk a slippery digit into his sublime manhole and wiggled it around a bit. The guy was primed tight and hot, bursting with a yearning for learning.

I slowly withdrew from his bum, letting his ass lips suck on my finger on the way out. Then I gripped my rod and pushed it to the head of the ass. 'Here it comes, baby,' I instructed, pressing my cap into his pucker.

'Yes! Bust me! Bust me, Officer Chad!' Sergio squealed, shaking me right down to my nut sack with his proclamation of anal virginity.

Just what the hell were they teaching these kids in high school, anyway?

I gritted my teeth and grabbed onto his shoulder and pushed forward, popping the quivering young man's anal cherry and plunging into his chute. The dirty descent was pure heaven.

I plowed in long and hard, Sergio's anus heart meltingly stretching to accommodate me, his hugging, heated bung turning me molten. Until my bristled balls kissed up against his velvety butt mounds, my cock embedded in his ass. This college boy had just graduated to the big time.

'Oh, God!' he moaned, clawing at the wall, writhing on the end of my dick.

I crowded his back and crammed his butt, pressing my peeper to the spy slot again. The b-ballers were still going at it wet and steamy, buttocks glistening and shivering, dongs dripping and dancing. As I pumped my cock back and forth in Sergio's gripping bum. This was 4D action even better than the film department could deliver.

Plastering my hands to the wall and eye to the hole, I pistoned Sergio's ass, smacking sharply up against his rippling cheeks, stuffing his sucking chute full of knowledge. He tore a hand off the wall and grabbed hold of his own smooth-shafted erection, fisting in rhythm to my dicking. I rocked him, cocked him, the heat and humidity on our side of the wall as thick and heavy as on the other side.

'Fuck, I'm gonna come in your ass, Sergio!' I bellowed, fast-fucking the scholarly sexpot, my flapping balls gone to boil. The anal and visual stimulation was just too much for me; this was going to be a crash course in homoerotic studies for Sergio, the ass-celerated program.

'Yes, please come in my butt,' he cried, jerking for joy. His gorgeous bronze body shuddered with more than just my furious cock-thumping, his prick going off in his flying hand and dousing the wall with sizzling sperm.

I churned my hips and Sergio's bung in a frenzy. The hoop boys were leaving the shower room, prancing out of sight in a sweaty blur of swinging dicks and clenching cheeks. My bum-splitting cock surged out-of-control, and I slammed up against little Sergio with a roar of ecstasy, spunking his chute and splashing his bowels.

My body jellied and my brain turned to mush, as I opened up the stunning student's mind and ass to the exquisite pleasures of an endless river of heated semen; as I stared through a glazed eye and a crude peephole at the water-dappled studs exiting the shower room.

At the exhausted, panting end of it all, Sergio spun around in my arms and lovingly gazed up at me with his wet baby-browns. ‘Are you going to arrest me?’ he pouted.

I cleared my throat, and some of my head. ‘I think you’ve, uh, learned your lesson – for tonight,’ I replied sagely, if not by the book.

He kissed me soft and shy on the lips, smiling. ‘More community service same time, same place tomorrow night, Officer Chad?’

‘Agreed,’ I exhaled, satisfied to let the punishment fit the crime in this case. The young man could really learn from his mistake, in the hands of a qualified teacher like myself.

Golden Boys

I stumbled out of the bush and into a clearing, at last. I'd been slogging through the Yukon "jungle" of scrub spruce and sedge tussocks for three straight days, had picked up more blackfly bites than a swamp-bogged moose, more branch scratches than a treed lynx. So any open space was mighty welcome.

I brushed back my hat and let the warm summer sun bathe my face, the cool breeze dry my sweat, taking a much-needed break from the headlong fever of the Klondike gold rush. Canadian Shield showed through the yellow grass and green moss on the floor of the clearing, and as I ambled over to the edge of the patch of fresh air, I saw that it was actually the ten-foot-high cut bank of the Yucatash creek.

And then I saw something that made my eyes and trousers pop: the Goldtwinkle Twins, as they were derisively known, on the flat, pebbled creek bank opposite, sexing it up all out in the open like 1898 was the age of enlightenment!

I dropped my hat and pack and went belly-down in the grass and moss, my trail-reddened eyes locked on the pair of fervent man-lovers. They were less than 50 feet away from my vantage point, the red-haired little one – Tommy Mulray, I pegged him – on his knees in the smooth pebbles, earnestly sucking on the big, hairy, hanging nut sack of the giant known as Dag Grunthle.

The pair of prospectors were as naked as any man's lust for gold, like they'd been going about the grim task of taking their weekly baths when things had gotten a lot out of hand. Dag was huge, bushy headed and bearded, body hairy as a black bear and built the same. While Tommy was small, smooth, sleek, and ivory as a soap bar. He tugged on his partner's balls with his mouth – first one, then the other, then both – Dag's enormous, arrow-straight cock casting an ominous shadow over the ardent sack sucker's face.

My eyes watered, right along with my mouth. There was no doubt now that the rumours were true: the Goldtwinkle Twins were as bent as an old gold-panner's back. Some in Dawson City had said that they just fostered their queer reputation to keep claim-jumpers away. But now I was getting the truth, in the sun-drenched, water-dappled, Tamarack-backed raw.

I pumped my hips, humping the soft grass and springy moss, as Tommy disgorged Dag's matted sack and licked up, up, and up the guy's claim-stake of a cock. He finally made it to the cap-crowned top, then opened wide and swallowed, Dag grunting like a pack-mule.

Tommy sucked on the big man's knob, Dag arching his gigantic body and extending his massive arms up into the air like he was seeking sexual salvation. Praying, no doubt, that his entire tremendous staff would be baptised in the hot, unholy waters of Tommy's mouth.

But little Tommy had other ideas, popping Dag's dripping purple hood out of his mouth and pinning it against the brute's stomach. He started licking up and down the wrist-thick, vein-ridged shaft of Dag's cock, really lapping at it, Dag groaning some more, tree-trunk legs trembling.

I humped the ground faster, harder, ignoring the ants crawling up my legs. A hard-luck sourdough had to take his pleasure from the harsh, beautiful land wherever he could find it.

Tommy licked the foreskin almost right off Dag's thunder cock, before pulling the stiff, glistening member back down to horizontal, like a barman pulls down a draft handle to give a customer some good head. He engulfed Dag's hood in his warm, wet mouth again, some of the giant's shaft this time, commenced cocksucking.

‘Attaboy!’ I exhaled, spitting out the last of my tobacco in my excitement. I was really thumping the tundra now, the sun and scenery heating me up like gold fever, my balls boiling right along with Dag’s.

Tommy was just too tiny to come anywhere close to deep-throating the giant, but the little guy could still handle a rod. He gripped Dag’s fleshy ass cheeks and furiously bobbed his head, red lips flying back and forth, halfway down the big man’s corded shaft, mouth pressure-sealed to extract maximum cock satisfaction.

Dag buckled, shook, Tommy blowing his socks off. I was sure the grizzled bear was blasting his load, dousing his partner’s throat in man-juice. So my own hips took flight, my ground-down stick of dynamite primed for explosion.

But then Dag shoved Tommy away, the little man with the obscenely stretched-out mouth doing an ass-plant in the pebbles. I instantly stilled my loins, certain now that Dag was going to split his cocksucking buddy’s ass in half like firewood with his pole-axe of a prick.

But I was wrong again. Because Dag helped Tommy to his feet, then went down on to all-fours on the creek beach. Tommy quickly moved in behind the felled colossus, greasing up his own modest cock with some goo from a handy jar. David was going to top Goliath!

‘Well, I’ll be bejeegered,’ I breathed, shimmying even closer to the edge of the ledge for a better look, my steel-hard tool burrowing a trench in the terrain. I’d seen some strange sights under the midnight sun, but this was going to be one of the best.

But then the creek bank suddenly gave way, the thin topsoil breaking loose and sending me slithering down the embankment like a slow-moving serpent intruding in the Garden of Eden. Fatally distracting the Goldtwinkle Twins from their anticipated ass explorations. They had their rifles out and levelled by the time my elbows touched water.

‘On your feet, mister!’ Dag ordered, cocking his Winchester.

I climbed upright, brushing myself off, grinning as confidently and unconcernedly as I could. ‘Hiya, boys,’ I blustered.

‘Git over here,’ Tommy responded, gesturing with his Lee-Enfield.

‘Over there?’ I politely enquired, pointing to their side of the creek.

‘Move yorn ass!’ Dag bellowed.

I moved, my ass and every other body part, wading into and across the cold, fast-running creek. The high-water mark was my nipples.

I stood in front of the angry pair on the pebbled bank, dripping plenty and shaking a little. I didn’t like the look in Tommy’s shrewd, pale-blue eyes one bit; the way his finger cosied up to that rifle trigger. Still, I had to admire Dag’s dong, still full of life and twice as big, up-close. It glistened in the sun, along with the other gun barrels.

‘Tryin’ to jump our claim, are ya?’ Tommy spat. Then, before I could deny the truth: ‘We ain’t found nuthin’ here, anyways, so you’re out of luck all the way.’ He looked ready to fill my golden dreams with lead. And the rough justice of the north wouldn’t have blamed him one bit.

‘No, no,’ I protested. ‘I was just …’

‘What’s your name, mister?’ Dag growled.

I grinned. ‘Jack Taylor’s the name, friend. Miner, adventurer, stock promoter, mule-skinner, and sled dog …’

‘Fucker,’ Tommy cut in. ‘And two-bit swindler. I’ve heard of you, Jack “Tip” Taylor. Always a hot, bum tip for the suckers, right?’ He spat at my feet, turned to his partner. ‘This bumwipe’s sold more shares in more phony mines, salted more barren ore samples with gold dust, than a Barbary Coast pirate.’

‘Now, see …’

‘Still tryin’ to get rich off the backs of others, yeah, Tip?’ the little man sneered.

‘Get on out of here, why don’t you?’ Dag gritted. He tilted his rifle down and threw his free arm around Tommy’s shoulders. ‘This t’ain’t no place for someone like you … and your schemes.’ He crooked Tommy’s head in his thewed limb and jerked it up, planted his lips on the other man’s lips. They devoured each other’s mouths like they hadn’t eaten anything but hardtack for days on end.

Until they noticed that I was packing, too – a hard-on in my Mackinaw trousers, as I watched them lip-wrestle, eyed their nude bodies. That’s when they realised that I wasn’t being put off by their antics; I was being turned-on.

It mightn’t have been the best strategy on my part, either (though I really had no control over it). Because when Tommy saw I couldn’t be dissuaded away by disgust, his stubby finger tightened on the trigger again.

Until Dag set me free with another, ‘Get on out of here, why don’t you?’

And I skedaddled.

They watched me track back into the bush until we were all out of sight. Then I waited a few hours, jerking off and swatting blackflies, before swinging on back to my ridge for some more reconnaissance, nice and quiet-like. There were a couple of things I was interested in: that huge, handsome cock of Dag Grunthle’s, and the contents of that bulging saddlebag I’d glimpsed through the partially-open flap of the men’s tent.

And after only a couple of days of unobserved observation, I saw my chance to get both.

Tommy was leading their mule off down the creek, heading back to town for more supplies, no doubt. I watched him go, then impatiently waited for the sun to finally set and the northern lights to come out. Before making my move. I stole down from the ridge and across the creek and into the miners’ encampment, skulking right into the white canvas tent that held the snoring man left behind to work and guard the claim.

My opinion is that the direct approach is best. So long as you’ve got some sugar to sweeten your surprise.

‘What in tarnations?’ Dag roared, when I’d kicked the sleeping giant in the ass.

I struck a match and lit his lantern, basking the angry bear in the warm glow of my outstretched erection. He stared at the seven-and-a-half-inch pleasure tool sticking out of my unbuttoned fly, transfixed.

‘This what you been missin’ around here, hard-rock?’ I queried, taking a hand to my shooting iron and polishing.

He swallowed, black eyes aglow, making no move to rise up off his haunches and toss me to the wolves.

When you’ve been in the confidence game as long as I have, you get to be a keen observer of human nature, and human emotion. And it’d been obvious to me almost from the get-go that big Dag was a man yearning for a fellow big man – someone that could fill him up to satisfaction; take him in, both ways, without the fear of asphyxiation or injury.

‘Then what are you waitin’ for, stud?’ I asked.

He shucked his Bay blanket like somebody had set it ablaze, quick-crawled over to me and my man-divining rod. He grabbed up my tightened sack and gulped down my swollen hood, three-quarters of my pulsing prick in one huge, hungry swallow.

‘Easy, big fella!’ I yelped, staggering backwards.

He jerked me close again, clamping me down hot and tight in his big mouth and big hands. He pulled on my pipe with his thick lips, my balls with his thick fingers, sucking me right down to the furline and back up again, fast and hard.

I clung to his bushy head, watching and feeling him suck and suck and suck, suck me almost right down his throat. His ferociously tugging mouth flooded me with heat, his heavy-handed ball-juggling making me shudder and tingle.

I let him get a good, grateful taste of my lengthy dong, meat gleaming pink in the lamplight before disappearing into the cauldron of his maw, filling him up, over and over. Then, with my body and balls surging just about beyond my control, I shoved the cock-eating behemoth on to his back.

I pinned him down to the ground, straddling his head, pushing his longjohns down and exposing his immense slab of a cock. Then I gave him some of what he'd been giving me – what he'd been pining after for so long out there in the wilds – dipping my head down and tonguing his fat cap up off his hairy belly and taking his vein-ribboned shaft deep as a man can take it.

I engulfed all of his mammoth member in one fell swoop, stretching my big mouth as wide as I could and relaxing my throat muscles to the point of sleep. He grunted his surprise, and delight, his body jerking, his rain barrel voice reverberating all through my cock and body. He urgently bobbed his head up and down off the ground, anxiously sucking on my cock in gratitude.

I groaned back, gripping the furry base of his pole and deep-sucking the giant. Doing what his little pal, Tommy, was just not physically capable of doing. Because it was no easy task even for lantern-jawed, deep-throated me. I've sunk a lot of shafts in my day, mining and otherwise, but never one as long and wide as Dag's.

I even gagged a little when his hood clogged the back of my throat, shaft cramming my mouth and bloating my cheeks. I pulled back up, disgorging the monster, lips dragging along throbbing, bumpy shaft slow and sensual. Dag shuddered, but never stopped sucking on my prick.

I bit into his cockhead, chewing on the soft, spongy helmet. I twirled my tongue all around his cap, spooning up some leaking precome and smacking my lips with satisfaction. Before stuffing my mouth and throat with meat again.

I matched the big man's frantic cocksucking pace blow for blow, gripping his jumping thighs and pistoning my head up and down, gorging full-length, drinking in his salty precome and inhaling the musky scent of his sweating balls. But before either of us could blow our tops, I tried to give the gasping giant something else he obviously craved.

I took one final deep, damp pull on his prodigious prod and lifted my own pulsating dick out of the molten pit of his mouth. Then I wobbled up onto my boots and rasped, 'Time to fill some hole, major miner – to the rim.'

I'd intended to let the big man top me to his dick's content; but had to switch gears when he spun over on to his hands and knees faster than a drill bit. He wagged his huge ass at me, begging for every inch *I* could give him.

So, I pushed my trousers and underwear down and got in behind him, slapped his ass with my spit-slick cock. His cheeks and body jumped. 'Where's the gun oil, grizzly?' I gritted.

He pointed. And I slathered, my cock and his crack.

'Please, fuck me!' he pleaded, his husky voice gone almost feminine as I fingered his hairy cleft.

I screwed a couple of digits into his surprisingly tight anus, pumped them. He reared up on his paws and roared, buttocks trembling. I yanked my fingers out and plugged my cockhead in between his full moons, pressing against his pucker. The air in the sweltering tent went stifling, thick with the smell of cock and balls and man-sex, as I pushed, plunged

my pike into Dag's asshole.

I plowed deep into the man's hot, gripping chute, deeper than he'd gotten it in a very long time. 'Yes, by God!' he bellowed, ramming his ass back, swallowing up all of my dong.

I gripped his formidable waist and churned my hips, fucking his vice-like manhole full-length and furious. It was a big, tough job, and I was … well, a fairly big man.

The sharp, wet crack of my rocking thighs against Dag's shivering cheeks filled the suffocating tent, as I plundered his gloryhole. I was on fire, burning with eroticism, slapping balls boiling and clenched cock singing, deep-drilling the big man, packing his bowels. He latched on to his own flapping cock and frantically jerked, his bear-like body bouncing in rhythm to my relentless pounding.

It was hot as the Mounties on my trail, and I soon cried, 'Fuck, I'm coming!'

'Me, as well!' Dag hollered back, my pistoning prong exploding in his sucking chute.

I held on to the man-mountain for dear life, buffeted by ecstasy, blasting off wad after wad into Dag's anus, dynamiting his ass. He rattled on the end of my spurting, spearing prick, jacking hot shots of semen out of his own ruptured cock. We blew steam for what seemed a full change of season, until at last I collapsed on top of the giant, into his loving arms.

And at the crack of dawn, Dag located my crack. He stretched my ass like it'd never been stretched before, the heavyweight miner burying his shaft to a hot, tight depth not physically possible with his other partner.

Which is how Tommy found us, when he crept back into camp. 'Sonofabitch!' he wailed.

Before we could stop him, the jealous leprechaun had grabbed up the saddlebag and flung its nuggeted contents back into the creek – in great, glittering, golden handfuls.

Dag eventually caught up with Tommy, calming him down in a bear-hug. While I put my silver tongue to good use, explaining the concept of a "train" and a "three-way ass-stack" to the two miners in the most flowery language I could muster; how positions like that could accommodate all our needs.

They took me in on their claim, to help with the recovery of the lost gold and the discovery of any more gold. A full-share partner and playmate. It'd been a three-man job all along, in my opinion.

Hardboiled

He fanned the pictures across my desk.

It was all there in black and white – me sucking "Big Deal" Rigoletti's cock, licking his balls, getting fucked deep in the ass, the expression on my rugged pan one of inescapable ecstasy. I had to hand it to the mug, he could really handle a Speed Graphic camera and a flash gun – hiding behind a two-way mirror.

But this was face-to-face. And I wasn't passing out any kudos.

'It's gonna cost you plenty, Mr D A,' Convey sneered, gathering up the smut pics, stuffing them back into a manila envelope. 'The big, tough, manly crime crusader for the people gettin' all swishy with the state's number one gang boss. You'll be ruined.'

I sat back, crossed my legs, smile tugging up the corners of my Valentino-like kisser.

Time dragged, sweat spreading in trickles across Convey's clock. He tried a grin, but it didn't take. He pushed a shaking mitt through his short, blond-white hair, his blue eyes watering.

'I … I want money – lotsa dough,' he bleated.

Two-bit blackmailer.

I knew something about the guy, could read him like a cheap pulp magazine. 'You don't want money,' I stated.

His gob dropped open. 'W … what? Either you make with the geetus – and plenty – or I cart these sex shots on over to the papers … or maybe the Governor.' He shook his envelope at me.

I rubbed the cigar I'd been toying with underneath my nose, repeated, 'You don't want money.'

His Adam's apple did a jig. 'Huh?'

I filed the 50-cent stogie in the breast pocket of my 200-dollar pinstripe and climbed to my feet. Then I strode around the wide expanse of desk towards Convey.

He backed away, eyes bugging, hands thrusting out the thick envelope like a shield. I swatted it aside. Pictures of two big-dicked, hard-bodied he-men fucking up a storm spilled out all over the carpet. I grabbed Convey by his bow tie and shook him like my prick after pissing.

'What're you gonna do!?' he screamed. 'I'll scream!'

I jerked his sweaty expression close, knocking his fishy glims down with my blazing headlights. Then I planted one on him – square on the mug's moist, red lips.

His eyes just about popped out of his head.

'You don't want money,' I snarled, breathing his hot breath. 'You want me.' I plugged his pucker again, holding the lip-lock longer and harder this time, really working the guy's soft, wet mouth. Until his body went limp as Sammy Wong's famous egg noodles.

'I saw it in your eyes – and groin. Those pictures turn you on. You got all hard and hot lensing me and Rigoletti. Didn't you, blackmailer?'

He nodded so hard his neck creaked.

I sent a hand sailing down to his crotch, grabbing onto the pole testing the seams of his chequered five & dime suit. He groaned, eyelids all aflutter. I kissed him again, shooting my tongue into his open mouth, exploring, hand squeezing, rubbing, his stiff, clothed cock.

'You want to suck my cock?' I growled.

His eyes burst open. He bubbled affirmatives.

'Then do it,' I rasped, shoving him down to his knees.

He had me unbelted and unbuttoned in the time it took to spring a dirty crook with a pile of filthy lucre. He pulled my semi-hard out of my drawers and clung to it, like it was the stuff that wet dreams are made of. Then he started fisting my swelling dick with a damp paw, two, really pulling. Getting me hard as the Law's supposed to be on mugs like him.

'It's b-beautiful,' Convey marvelled. 'So …'

'So, do you have an answer for the class, Mr Schiller?'

I blinked blur out of my eyes, mouthed, 'Huh?'

The class laughed. Professor Convey didn't. 'My question was: how did Raymond Chandler reshape and refine what Dashiell Hammett had done earlier in hardboiled, turn it into true literature?'

I blinked again, the fog lifting slowly from my brain. I stared at Professor Convey, the man's tanned, rugged face, his shock of blond-white hair and piercing blue eyes, full lips, thick body immaculately clothed in a soft, brown turtleneck and tan, gabardine pants. 'Hammett?' I stalled.

The class erupted with more laughter. Professor Convey snorted. 'If you have any intention of passing Hardboiled American Literature of the 1930s, Mr Schiller, I suggest you start paying attention in class.'

He moved on to another student, one who was actually compos mentis. I crossed my legs, burying my achingly-hard erection between my hot thighs.

Class over, I waited for Professor Convey in the hallway. Not to talk to the man, to tail him. I just had to know more about the 30-something literary hunk – where he lived, and with whom, his hobbies, his turn-offs, and, God yes, his turn-ons. Although I appreciated the hardboiled scribblings of Horace McCoy and Edward Anderson and James M Cain and Raymond Chandler, I appreciated the hard, boiled body and hot good looks of Professor Convey even more.

He finally exited the classroom, strode down the hall, smooth-leathered folio tucked under his left arm, as always. I loitered over the water fountain, spraying the side of my face, absorbed in the man's taut, round buttocks as they shuddered back and forth in his tight slacks.

'You gonna take a shower, too, bub?'

I jerked my head around, stared at the gum-smacking co-ed waiting for her turn at the tap. Then I fled down the hall after the professor. He was just exiting the Arts Building, striding out into the crisp fall day. I trailed after him.

His house was a couple of blocks off-campus – a modest, blue and white bungalow that smacked of singlehood. I rejoiced, from behind a big, old oak tree in the tiny park across from the man's house. A light went on in the living room, and I settled in alongside the bark.

Three minutes later, my mind was wandering off on its own again. Back to a Depression-era scene playing out in a big-city D.A.'s office. There was a man on the floor, on his knees, the hardboiled D A's huge cock in his trembling hands …

'So big and hard and smooth,' Convey breathed, stroking in awe.

The mug was really getting through to me, my cock throbbing, body seeping heat and balls tightening. Shivers of sensual delight prickled my skin, as the guy vigorously two-fisted my prick. But I didn't let on to Convey. I was the one doing him *a favour.*

'I told you to suck it,' I gritted.

He looked up at me with his baby-blues, drool crowding the corners of his mouth. Then he bent my rod down with his humid mitts and gulped my shining hood.

I shook, a little.

The guy's warm, thick mouthflaps stretched over my mushroomed cockhead and he started sucking on my cap, wet, eager tongue swabbing the pulsing underside of my dick. He moved his head forward, taking rigid shaft into his hot, damp maw.

I stripped off my jacket and tie and shirt, draping them carefully over the back of a green leather chair, then letting the dirty blackmailer get a good gander at my gleaming-white, muscle-humped torso. He got an eyeful, all right, along with his mouthful, watching me pinch a pair of stiffened pink nipples even stiffer, as he shifted his head to and fro, slid his lips up and down my dong, sucking on my cock.

He grabbed my balls and squeezed. I bucked my hips, fingernails biting into my nipples. Convey's eyes lit up like a Wurlitzer. He excitedly pulled my gleaming rod out of his mouth and slammed it up against my washboard abdomen. He stuck out his tongue and lapped at my pinned prick, painting pipe with hot spit, dragging his beaded, red velvet tongue over the length of my shaft, up from my hairy balls to my bloated cap, over and over.

Until my sacked sperm started heading for higher ground. 'You're going to take it in the ass,' I informed the ardent cock-lick, pushing him away in the nick of time.

He shucked his pants and drawers like it was bath-time at the flophouse. He spread out on his hands and knees. His ass was small, tight, the mounded half-moons dusted with blond-white hair. I got in behind and spread his crack, spat into his asshole.

'Fuck me, big man!' he squealed.

And I obliged.

I speared my slimy dickhead into his manhole, popping his rim, barging meat down his chute. He groaned, grabbing up his cock and tugging, hard, urgent strokes, as I sunk shaft inside him to the fur-line.

'You're not going to the papers with those pictures of me and Rigoletti, Convey – if you know what's good for you.' I gripped the mug's narrow waist and pumped him, once, slamming the statement home, making my case.

'Yes … I mean, no – I won't go to the papers!' he cried, feeling the full impact of what was good for him.

I started churning his chute, reaming him, setting his body to rocking and his cheeks to gyrating. I surged with the wicked sight, the wanton feel, of my cock plunging that man's ass.

I slammed back and forth in Convey's hungry chute. His face was buried in the broadloom, hand desperately working his own cock. The crisp smack of my powerful thighs against his rippling butt cheeks filled the heated room, making a sweet mockery of my oath, and office.

Convey clutched at a chair leg for support. It knocked against the wall as I cocked him, knocking …

Someone was knocking on Professor Convey's front door.

My eyes came back into focus. I pulled my fingernails out of the oak.

A guy about my age was knuckling the professor's door. The door opened, and my hero appeared. The two men exchanged greetings, then quick glances up and down the quiet, leafy street. Before the door closed on them.

I looked right, left, back at the three kids sitting on the swings staring at me. I raced across the street, in behind Professor Convey's bungalow. His backyard was as small as his house, withered tomato plants filling most of it. A light burned in the partially-open kitchen window, and I ducked down and latched on to the frame, peeking over and in.

'Five hundred dollars, Brady – give it or leave it,' Professor Convey stated, holding up a

manila envelope.

Brady was a buzzcut blond, with the cinder-block head, lantern face, and brickhouse body that spelled "football" in big, white letters on his university jacket. 'That's a lotta green,' he groused, rubbing the back of his sunburnt neck. 'The test's only worth ten per cent of my final mark.'

'Ten out of ten's better than zero. And don't complain to me about money, Brady. I happen to know you're receiving more alumni support than the college's endowment fund.'

I bit my lip, eyebrows skying. Professor Convey was selling exam answers! The guy was as crooked as Francois Sagat's dick.

I watched, wide-eyed, as the flat-top jock reluctantly forked over the cash, five C-notes. Professor Convey handed him the manila envelope for his efforts.

I studied the situation, the professor's rugged body and Daniel Craigesque face, wondering: what would hardboiled PI Philip Marlowe do in this situation? The Continental Op? Any 20-minute yegg from the pages of the hardboiled literature the "good" professor taught?

And as I was pondering, a bird suddenly let loose a caw and took a swoop at my head. There must've been a nest or feeder nearby. Tweety taloned my hair and I slammed my face up against the kitchen window to get away. Alerting the parties inside.

Brady tucked the answer envelope under his arm like it was made of pigskin. He barrelled out of the kitchen, steaming for the front exit. While Professor Convey dashed out the back door and splayed me up against the wall like a cockroach.

'Mr Schiller,' he growled, shaking his head. Before yanking me off the wall and marching me inside his house.

He slammed me down into a kitchen chair, towering and glowering over me. 'Just what did you see, Schiller?'

I swallowed hard and looked up at – but no longer "to" – him. He wasn't a revered sexpot scholar any more; he was just a man – a greedy, grubbing man like the rest of us, with five bills in his pocket and plenty more where that came from. And I was just a hard-up college kid – like any student outside of the athletic program and the blueblood set – who could really use some extra dough. Tuition and textbooks didn't come cheap, like academic integrity.

I stood up, standing tall, thrusting out what little chin I had to the point where it just about poked Convey in the chest. 'I saw you selling test answers to the starting D-line, is what I saw. Grades for gelt.' I squared my bony shoulders. 'And now I want a piece of the action. And a boost in *my* grades.'

Convey rubbed his dimpled chin with a big, brown mitt. Then slapped me across the face, sending my glasses and bravado flying.

'You pay attention here, but not in class, eh?' he mused. 'Just why were you watching me, anyway?'

I hung my head like a bum in a breadline.

'I think I know why,' Professor Convey continued. He reached out and lifted my chin, staring into my watery eyes. 'Maybe we can make some sort of … arrangement.' I lit up like a Philco radio.

Professor Convey gripped my shoulders and shoved me down to my knees, had his belt and zipper undone before my brain had even stopped spinning. Then, like an astute educator, he observed, 'I've noticed the looks you've given me in class … Melvin. I understand why your attention wanders.'

I gulped, staring at the big bulge in the big man's blazingly white briefs. It was moving,

growing, uncoiling, taking shape long and hard right in front of me, stretching the fabric and the edges of my endurance. Professor Convey dug his hand in and pulled his cock out, slapping my burning face with it.

'This is what you really want, isn't it, blackmailer?'

I answered by eagerly grabbing on to the man's monster erection, the both of us shuddering with the erotic impact. His huge snake pulsed in my hot little hand, both hands, as I took hold and tugged.

The professor's cock was beautiful – pink and smooth, clean-cut, purple hood thick and shining. I pumped and pumped his pulsating shaft with my sweaty hands, pulling so hard his balls flapped.

He stood firm, hips outthrust, thunder cock filling my worshipping hands and eyes. 'You want to suck on my cock, don't you?' he said. 'Well, do it.' I pulled his awesome tool down until his bloated hood was level with my mouth, slit staring me in the eyes. Then I opened wide and engulfed his cockhead.

'Yes!' he groaned, clutching my black curls.

His hood was soft and chewable. I pulled on it with my lips, scraped it with my teeth, tongue swabbing shaft. I felt the man's entire body vibrate through his cock.

He yanked my head forward, forcing more of his meat into my mouth. I happily consumed all I could, before gagging, his cap bumping against the back of my throat. He grunted and pumped his hips, fucking my mouth.

I gripped Professor Convey's moving hips and went cross-eyed watching his gleaming pole glide back and forth between my stretched lips, pulsing shaft bulging my cheeks, hood tickling my tonsils. He tasted so very good, filled me up so very well.

He churned my mouth until snot bubbled out of my nose and spit hung down in spaghetti strings from the corners of my overfull kisser. Then I grabbed his hairy balls and squeezed, and he pumped even faster, fucking my face like it was his own personal glory-hole.

I gained strength from the man's strength, from what he was doing to me and what I was doing to him. I jerked my head back, leaving him dangling and dripping. I gulped for air and courageously stated, 'I'm going to fuck you.' 'Like hell you are!' Professor Convey roared. 'That's a man's job.' He shoved me backwards, toppling me on to all-fours. Then he pulled my pants and shorts down, digging in behind me with his now-latexed prick and a bottle of lube. I clawed at the tile, as he greased my crack, brought the hardboiled home by busting my butthole and cramming cock down my chute.

'Fuck me, big man!' I squealed.

And he obliged.

Professor Convey hung onto my hips and pounded his cock into my ass, stretching my chute like never before. I flooded with wicked, tingling heat, sliding back and forth on the linoleum, desperately pulling on my own numb-hard dong whenever I could.

'Now you're getting what you deserve!' the professor bellowed, spanking my cheeks with his heavy balls, blowing me wide open with his sledge of a cock.

I frantically jacked in rhythm to the man's pistoning prick, face mopping the floor, body and ass swollen with sexual electricity, brimming with sensual joy. The sharp, quick smack of the professor's powerful thighs against my rippling buttocks was erotic music to my ears, striking just above our ragged grunting and groaning.

'Here it comes, Melvin. The payoff!'

His rugged body jerked, his cock jumping in my butt. Hot come spilled into his condom, deep within my ass. Just as my own balls boiled over and I was jolted by ecstasy, spurting jizz all over the floor in rapid, fiery bursts.

We danced around like we were dodging bullets, coming and coming and coming, connected at the ass and cock. I full-body quivered with the ball-draining strength of my hand-cranked orgasm, the wicked rush of the big man emptying himself inside my raw, fucked-over anus.

My bank account and grades are as low as ever these days. But at least I'm getting all the hot, hardboiled sex and literature I can handle. Professor Convey gives me what I want, if not always what I ask for.

Dicked

A fitting end to a shitty day – my boyfriend getting cock-whacked.

I peeped at him and his bum-buddy from behind the tinted glass of the sliding doors that looked out on to the swimming pool. Kent, my Kent, and some badass biker-type were bobbing up and down in the deep end, swiping tongue like Winona Ryder swipes clothing.

The guy aggressively probing Kent's tonsils had a big, bald head, a two-tone Texas goatee, facial and ear rings, and enough tattoos to cover two normal-sized bodies. The blazing sun set the water to glistening on his sunburnt, cinder-block shoulders and head, as he frenched my lover like he was fluently bilingual. I slid a damp, shaking hand into my jacket pocket, gripped the butt of the gun I sometimes kept there.

The barrel-chested tough-guy stuck his thick, pink wedge of a tongue out, and Kent sealed his lips around it, began greedily sucking up and down its slimy length like it was a hardened cock. Then the dude with the 'tude shoved Kent back, lunged over to the edge of the pool, and hopped up onto the side and spread his legs. He gripped his hard, bent-to-the-left cock and gestured at Kent with it. My trembling index finger coiled around the trigger of the gun, testing the tension.

'Come and get it, cocksucker!' the tattooed behemoth with the shaved hard-body and beard-matching black and blond bush yelled, his huge, pink body gleaming under the glaring sun.

'Sure, Brick!' Kent enthused, in his sweet little bottom-boy voice, his baby-blue eyes lighting up with desire as he watched his friend fist his hard-on. He glided over to Brick like a serpent glides into an oasis, slid in between the nasty man's muscled thighs, and promptly encircled Brick's rigid, purple-helmeted dick with his long, slender, manicured fingers. He began tonguing the guy's bloated cocktop, expertly and familiarly swirling his slippery, pink pleasure tool all around Brick's massive hood.

'Fuck!' Brick and I grunted, he in ecstasy, me in agony.

Brick ran his stubby fingers through Kent's long, blond hair, Kent gripping the stud's quads and mouthing cockhead like the seasoned snake-charmer he was, tugging on Brick's mushroomed cap with his full, red lips. Brick closed his wild, ring-fringed eyes and moaned like a wounded animal. I flicked the safety to "Off", let my finger dance along the curved, slick edge of the trigger.

Kent inhaled more of Brick's bent boner, slowly, sensuously, and relentlessly sliding his lips down Brick's angry erection, till pert nose met hairy balls, till he had Brick's tool embedded in his mouth and throat. Then he pushed out his tongue and licked at the man's big balls.

I squeezed the butt of my gun like I meant to throttle it, jacking my rage and courage to the firing point, willing myself to jerk the gun out of my pocket and end this daylight nightmare. I stared bitterly, hungrily at Kent and Brick, at Kent looking up into Brick's eyes and disgorging half of the ballsy biker's cock, then chugging it down to the roots again. Kent repeated the wicked sword-swallowing process over and over, the sight of my guy deep-throating another in that sparkling, sun-splashed water burning my eyes and frying my brain.

The heavy muscles on Brick's rugged arms and shoulders suddenly locked up, and I knew he was only seconds away from blowing his load, blasting my once-and-no-future boy-toy's mouth full of his sizzling seed. No man could endure Kent's awesome

cocksucking for long. Kent knew that better than anyone, and he broke free of Brick's clawing fingers, spat the man's dripping, inflamed dong out, and drifted away.

I loosened the grip on my gun, then sheepishly pulled my hand out of my pocket and stared at my twitching digits. It didn't take a PI like I to figure out that this was far from the first time for Kent and Brick. And if that was the way Kent wanted to play it, then that's the way he could have it. But he could count me out of the game. I might not be the most honest dick who ever pounded pavement or pucker, but I damn well knew right from wrong.

I looked out of the window again, saw that Kent and Brick had climbed out of the pool and onto the diving board. Kent stretched out on his back on the narrow, pebbled surface, like a lion in the sun. He had a slim, bronze, well-toned body, with large, dark nipples, long, supple legs, shapely, succulent feet, and an elegant, arrow-straight cock. He lifted his legs and spread his cheeks, exposing his smooth, pink hole to Brick, inviting the hell-raising hunk to punch his ticket.

Here's to you, Kent, you fucking slut! I thought, and almost screamed, as I unzipped my jeans and yanked out of my rod. I was hard, and growing, and I angrily polished my pole and watched Brick crawl over to Kent, roughly grab up Kent's legs, and stab his cock into Kent's anus.

'Yes!' Kent shrilled.

I fisted my dick full-blown and steel-hard, my hand and mind a blur, filling my eyes with the raw, sexual sight of the two nude and lewd men cocking on the diving plank. They weren't cheater and cheatee any more; they were just two sun-baked studs, one of them hammering his hard cock deep into the inflamed chute of the other, putting on a man-show for me.

My hand flew up and down my prick, as Brick savagely pounded his heavy dong in and out of Kent's warm, gripping butt hole, as Kent frantically hand-pumped his own swollen organ. I shrugged off my jacket, tore open my shirt, pulled and pinched my engorged nipples, tugging on my cock and watching and revelling in the hardcore, he-man butt-fucking taking place right in front of me.

The diving board rocked up and down in rhythm to Brick's violent anal assault. I torqued my hand up another notch, to keep pace with the sweat-smeared dude's powerful, churning hips, his bold, rippling ass, his plunging cock, and my balls tightened ominously in prelude to blast-off. And that's when Brick's gigantic body started jerking around like boyfriends on a string. He threw back his head and let out a roar that cleared the fences and ricocheted all over the neighbourhood, pouring white-hot come deep into Kent's stretched-out sex hole. Kent screamed at Brick to fill his bum with boiling semen, even as he jerked jets of jism out of his own cock.

My legs quivered and I grunted with pleasure, sprayed thick, gooey sperm onto the glass and carpet. Brick's built-for-shit-disturbing body spasmed over and over, the wild man obviously dropping a humungous load into Kent's sexual core, as Kent pulled frenziedly on his ruptured dick, jacking creamy jizz all over his sun kissed chest and stomach.

The bad boys came and came hard, and so did I. And I didn't bother cleaning up the mess I left on Kent's window and floor – that was all his doing, anyway.

When I got to the office the next day, a woman was waiting for me. She was a joyless-looking dame of around 40, and a round 40 at that, with close-cropped, mouse-brown hair, dull, grey eyes, and a chubby face bottomed by slab-like lips. She was wearing an ill-fitting business suit and no make-up, her one concession to femininity being a couple of small, silver earrings, which she kept in her nostrils.

‘You Clark Tozer?’ she demanded to know.

‘Yeah,’ I replied, ushering her into my inner office.

She got to the point. ‘I want you to catch my husband screwing another woman.’

‘Uh-huh. And what’s your name – and his?’ I said, trying to hold back the bored expression seeping into my face like piss into a paper towel. Fifty per cent of my caseload is cheating spouse, forty-nine per cent insurance fraud, and one per cent interesting.

‘My name’s Mrs. Bethel Wojakowski-Gutierrez,’ the woman said with practiced ease, ‘and my husband’s name is Steven.’

Apparently, Bethel didn’t give a good goddamn how Steven was caught cheating, just as long as he was. ‘You want me to set him up?’ I asked.

‘I want you to get evidence of him screwing … cheating on me with another woman,’ she responded, the no-nonsense look never leaving her plain-Jane face. She had all the charm of a bulldozer, and was probably just as effective.

‘Why?’

‘You get paid to annoy your clients or do what they tell you?’

‘A bit of both,’ I replied, folding my hands in my lap, leaning back in my chair, and smiling. ‘I’ve got a passive-aggressive personality, you see.’

Humour was as wasted on her as cock on a clitoris, and she wasn’t standing for any Q&A, either. She pulled five one-hundred-dollar bills out of a small bag roped around her beefy shoulder and said, ‘You get these when I get the pictures.’ Then she stowed the cash back in her bag and pulled out a photocopy of her husband’s driver’s licence and one of his business cards, tossed them on my desk.

She had a vendetta, I had a client.

Steven Gutierrez was an architect, worked in a towering, silver-glassed building downtown. And it was well past ten by the time he finally strolled into the parking lot, jumped in his Pacific Blue Jag convertible, and raced away into the night. I followed him, parked a couple of cars away from him when he eventually pulled up in front of a trendy, strip-mall bar, as his wife had predicted. He leaped out of his luxury car and strode inside.

I turned to Shawneece, told her it was time to go in search of the most dangerous game. I’d used her on a number of other equally sleazy jobs, and although she was a little too street for sophisticated Steven, I was confident that her big, brown eyes, tits, and rear-end would carry the day.

‘Paradise Motel on Kirkland, right?’ she said, sliding her plush bottom out of my car and almost out of her leopard-print skirt.

‘Right. Room 17. The one with the curtains that don’t close all the way.’ The night man and I had an arrangement.

I watched Shawneece’s jiggling buttocks as she tramped through the oak door and into the bar. Five minutes later, I was watching her jiggling tits coming the other way.

‘He don’t like girls,’ she said, once she was back in the car.

‘You sure?’

She looked at me, gave me a sad, knowing smile. ‘A lady can tell, honey – and so can I.’

‘Well, uh … OK,’ I mumbled, pondering the possibilities. ‘Twenty bucks for your troubles OK?’

I dropped Shawneece off at her favourite street corner and then drove back to the bar. Betheldozer hadn’t mentioned anything about her hubby not liking cunny, but as I dredged up a mental picture of the Missus, I sure as soft-on couldn’t blame the guy. I decided it was time to take matters into my own hands.

I walked into the bar, and a half-hour and two drinks later, I walked out with Steven

Gutierrez. He was raring to go rearing, and I knew a place, so to the Paradise Motel we za-zoomed. And while Steven was getting more comfortable and horny in Room 17, I was working a deal with Fuckflop Farley, the soul-patched semi-literate who manned the check-in counter come the midnight hour. He would handle the infrared camera on the outside, while I manhandled the cocky cheat on the inside.

Steven was lying on the bed dressed in nothing more than a shit-eating grin when I got back to the room.

'You don't waste any time,' I commented, admiring his creamy-white, muscular body, his pink, protruding nipples, his thick, uncut cock. He had a handsome, dimple-chinned face, and his dirty-blond, shoulder-long hair and big, blue eyes reminded me of Kent. My cock grew as hard as the City with the memory, and the stark-naked reality.

'You're wasting time,' Steven said, his dick twitching with desire.

I doffed my duds and jumped on top of him, covering his hot body with my body, rolling my stiff seven-incher over top of his pulsing erection. I hungrily attacked his mouth, chewed on his soft, rose petal lips, jammed my tongue into his mouth and plowed it up against his tongue. And as the 40-something flamer joyously fought back with his own crafty tongue, I thanked my lucky stars that the well-paying job had become both personal and professional.

We heard something rap against the window – fuck-up Farley juggling the camera, or his prick, too close to the action, no doubt – but I diverted Steven's attention by pumping my hips, dry-humping the sweet-smelling hottie as we urgently frenched. We pressed lips, hips, tools, and tongues together for a hot while longer, and then I licked and bit the hard-breathing hunk's ears and chin and neck, brought my mouth down to his nipples.

'Yes …!' he groaned, fumbling with a name I hadn't given him, his buff, burning body undulating as I wet-kissed his nipples.

He ran his fingers through my short, jet-black hair, then threw his arms up over his head and abandoned his oh-so-edible body to me. I swirled my tongue around first one engorged nipple, and then the other, before closing my mouth over top of his left nip and sucking on it, tugging on it, biting it. His blossomed buds were obviously super-sensitive, because he whipped his head back and forth on the pillow and moaned long and loud as I tongued and mouthed his nipples.

The foreplay had gone on long enough. It was time to eat meat – big, thick, come-oozing meat. I swung around on the creaky bed-of-a-thousand-grunt-and-groan-sessions so that my knees straddled Steven's head, so that my numbingly-hard cock dangled dangerously just above his open mouth, and his own hardened member was in my hands, up against my lips.

I swarmed kisses all over his bulbous cockhead, slurped slime from his yawning slit, my lust ablaze. I excitedly stroked his throbbing dong with one hand while I juggled his furry balls with the other, and he gave as good as he got, engulfing the tip of my pulsating pole in his warm, wet mouth and pulling on it. He gobbled up more of my cock, then got the good, old, sucking rhythm going, moving his head up and down as I pumped my hips, his mouth and tongue sliding easily back and forth on my dick, his hot, humid breath steaming around my saliva-slick shaft.

'Fuck, yeah, baby, just like that!' I yelped, before spitting on his meat and rubbing the wet into his foreskin. I earnestly hand-cranked him, while I popped his swelled-up hood in and out of my mouth, breathing in his ballsy scent, my head spinning and body shaking with the delightful smell and taste of him – and with the man-made miracle he was working on my dong.

We stroked and sucked and tongued each other's flaming cocks for a good, long, wet while in our mano-a-mano 69 position, until I felt my cheeks being spread apart and a wet

mist hit my itchy butthole. The damp feeling was quickly replaced by a far better feeling – the feel of Steven's fingers sliding into my chute. The guy obviously came prepared, and I was always prepared to come.

'Yeah, finger-fuck me, baby!' I screamed, as Steven sank two of his digits into my man-catcher, continued to suck on my cock.

I rotated my tingling butt on his fingers, revelling in the sinful sensations his impudent pokers and pouty lips were eliciting. He slammed his fingers knuckle-deep into my gripping, dripping bunghole, filling me up, then began plowing my ripe anus with his digits. My body got all hot and heavy, my legs trembled out-of-control, and I struggled to maintain my mouth-hold on his dick, as the pretty boy banged away at my backdoor and spanked my cock with his tongue.

'I'm gonna come!' I shrieked into his penis, all-too-soon. I frantically churned my hips, fucking his mouth like he was fucking my ass. Then I was jolted by fiery, all-consuming orgasm.

My cock exploded and I rocketed sizzling semen deep into Steven's mouth, down his throat, my sweat-dappled body coursing with sexual electricity. I blasted that well-hung horndog full of my rubbery man-goo, and he swallowed as much as he could, all the while valiantly bum-fucking me with his fingers even faster than I could spurt spunk down his gullet.

When I finally calmed down, I refocused on Steven's unfulfilled need, and with his digits still plugged into my butt, and wiggling around, I again attacked his lovely cock with my mouth and hands. I slapped his shaft and knob with my playful tongue, sucked up and down on his prong, his foreskin sliding along with my lips, squeezed and fondled his balls.

'That's it!' he hollered in no time at all, and his cock pulsed hot, salty come into my sucking mouth, just about drowning me in his jizz.

I gulped as fast as I could, ecstatic to receive a much-needed protein shot which served to salve some of the bitter feeling from my break-up with Kent. For the first time in a long time, I left work that night with a good taste in my mouth for a change.

I slapped the full-frontal glossies of Steven and me down onto my desk, in front of Mrs. Bethel Wojakowski-Gutierrez.

'What's this shit?' she bleated, tearing my triumph asunder. 'I wanted pictures of Steven fucking a woman. Not another fucking guy!'

'Yeah, but … this is even better, isn't it? I mean, you can really discredit – blackmail – your husband now,' I spluttered.

'He's not my husband, shit-for-brains! I'm as queer as folk! Steven Gutierrez is my opponent in the State Assembly election! In the Laurel Heights district – the one with the huge gay and lesbian population! I'd heard he was dabbling in heterosexuality, and you were supposed to prove it – to discredit the bum!'

I gaped at her fat ass as it stormed out of my office, along with my 500-dollar-fee plus 20 dollars for expenses. Politics was an even dirtier business than the gumshoe racket, I mused bitterly.

But someone was going to pay – someone had to pay. A certain heart-stealing, sword-swallowing, blond-haired bottom boy instantly sprang to mind, and cock. My thoughts and dick hardened. Kent – my Kent – was about to get the sweet, sweaty throat and ass reaming of his life.

Hit On Me

'Grab yourself a beer outta the fridge, Nelson,' Lester yelled from the bathroom.

I actually didn't drink, but when Lester had invited me back to his home to "crack one open" as an apology for blindsiding me during the pick-up football game, I just couldn't refuse. I'd had a raging crush on the studly guy ever since junior year in high school, and now that I was eighteen and almost 100 per cent sure of my sexuality, I yearned to do something about it.

So, after staring into the fridge for a while, stalling, I sucked up some courage and tip-toed down the hallway towards the bathroom. The sound of running water was Pied Piper music to my pricked mouse ears, as I pictured luscious Lester soaping up his hard-rock body under the hot spray.

I slid along the wall to the doorjamb, excitedly noting that there was a crack of light spilling through the door, along with wisps of steam. Body temperature soaring, face burning red and pursed lips white, I peeked around the corner. And just about spontaneously combusted right on the spot.

Because there was All-American athlete-academic Lester – naked as the break of day and twice as bright and beautiful. His muscular, water-washed body gleamed on full display through the clear-paned shower door. He was soaping up his ebony physique almost exactly as I'd fantasized, the needle spray of heated water cascading over his handsome, fine-featured face, his powerful, mouth-watering torso.

I swallowed a yelp of exultation and bit down on my lip, my cock rising up like a goalpost in my grass-stained shorts. I praised the gridiron gods that be for the good luck of getting creamed by the bodacious ballplayer out on the football field.

Lester had always been out of my league up until then. He was a star on the football and track teams, while my biggest accomplishments were writing a video game review column for the school newspaper and playing third flute (badly) in the school band. Which is why I'd been shocked like the Colts in Super Bowl III when the guy had rung me up at home and invited me out to the game.

I sure wasn't much of a player, what with my hands of stone and legs of lead. But I guess there was a shortage of guys just after graduation, tied down at summer jobs turned permanent or away on vacations before college in the fall. Either way, I was just ecstatic to get the call. Ecstatic, that is, until I was picked for Trent Duggan's team and Lester laid me out like a tarp on the third play from scrimmage.

The guy with the gimpy knee covering me fell down a gopher hole or something, and Trent lobbed a balloon my way which even I could catch. But when I tried to turn it up-field, the 3:30 freight train named Lester slammed into me head-on.

He clocked me like Big Ben, smashing into my chest and sending my skin and the pigskin flying backwards for a five-yard loss. My tailbone crunched down on the tundra, and then my head, whiplash-fashion. I saw more stars than most astronomers. It took three guys to peel me off the terra way-too-firma and unfold me into an upright position again – one of them being the dude who'd really taken my breath away this time, the grinning Lester.

I sat out the rest of the game, nursing my hurting head and body, running through the alphabet to make sure there wasn't any permanent damage. And then Lester had unexpectedly invited me to take a ride in his souped-up Honda back to his parents' place,

the guy obviously having a heart to go along with his hard-body, handsomeness, and as I saw now, hungage.

Because as I crowded the crack in the doorway, I was thrilled to ogle a most wicked dong dangling large even soft from Lester's pube-pebbled loins. The aches and pains in my body and head were instantly swept away by a raging sea of hormones. My sexuality had always been a bit of a question mark to me – and others – but now, staring at that shining, soap and water-streaked muscleman in the transparent shower stall, at his dripping, hanging horse-cock, all the awkward questions were finally answered. I wanted that fellow man like a toilet seat wants ass.

Lester ran the pink bar of soap in between his quad-bunched legs, under and around his heavy balls, his cock jumping, foam rising up and surging around his groin, as well as the edges of my mouth. And as I stared and drooled, I desperately tried to strategise some sort of game plan, some kind of seduction scenario that would put me where that soap was.

But I drew a complete mental blank, my usually rational mind running on empty thanks to a lack of blood. I couldn't even get playback on one of the 1001 episodes of "Nelson Does Lester" that I'd spooled through my fevered imagination as I'd jacked gallons over the past two years.

My hand drifted down to my shorts, and I touched my yard-marker, gaping at the hunk running the bar of suds back and forth on his thick, veiny, night-shaded dong. I licked my lips, almost tasting the meat. I ran my free hand up into my T-shirt, over my heaving, hairless chest, and caught a flared nipple between my trembling fingers, rolled it. I groaned, my face and body burning, the steam from my ears and the shower billowing, the well-built man lathering his well-built genitals blistering my eye and other balls.

I moved my hand back and forth on my clothed cock, shifting into a familiar stroking motion; and accidentally knocked the door even further open. It creaked, I croaked. And Lester swung his head away from the spray and looked at the tall, goofy, redheaded guy with the blazing blue eyes staring at him from the doorway. His ears were evidently just as sharp as his elbows.

He grinned, waved me in.

My mouth clanged open and my hands dropped to my sides. I stayed rooted to the spot.

He rinsed himself off and opened the stall door and stepped out of the tub, gesturing at me again.

Someone – must've been me – finally broke through the shyness barrier and pushed the door all the way open, took a step inside the steambox. Then another, my feet moving all on their own.

'Wanna use the shower?' the ebony god asked, grabbing up a fresh white towel and rubbing his face with it.

'Huh?' I replied, lurching forward like Frankendork.

I was fully inside the humid chamber, 2/10ths of a first down away from the towelling stud. I ratcheted my zombie gaze down from his smooth, muscle-humped chest, his prominent, coal-black nipples, his ribbed stomach, all the way down to his oh-so-impressive cut cock and pubed balls. Time stood still, like my heart.

Lester glanced up at my bowed head from behind his towel, pearly-whites flashing. Then he flung the towel over a cinderblock shoulder and casually closed the gap between us, saying, 'Guess you got a pretty bad bruise where I hit you, huh? Let's see.'

He yanked my T-shirt out of my shorts, and before I could drop the ball and flee for the sidelines, I was trapped in the garment, helping the African-American Adonis pull it up over my head.

‘Hey, that’s not too bad,’ he said, poking at the small, cherry-red splotch under my right nipple.

‘That’s a birthmark,’ I mumbled through the stretched cotton. I pulled the T-shirt right over my head, revealing the large, purple blotch high up on my left pec that my arm had been hiding.

‘Ouch,’ Lester commented. ‘Does it hurt bad?’ He poked it.

Was there pain? Probably. But all that registered in my tingling body was the sweet kiss of the guy’s soft fingertip against my heated skin. I dropped my shirt on the black and white tile, my short, red hair standing up on my head like the even shorter hairs were standing up on my neck, and balls.

Lester’s fingertip traced the blue borders of the Oregon-shaped bruise, tracing fire in my loins every millimetre of the way, my body ablaze with sensitivity. Until he brushed rigid nipple, and my knees buckled. He played the tip of his finger over my erect, pink nipple, charging it even more erect, a thoughtful expression on his face.

‘You probably got a bruise when you hit the ground, too, huh?’ he said.

‘Wanna see?’ I rasped, head and mouth full of cotton.

He nodded, pulling his finger away from my puny chest which was a pale imitation of his broad chest. The things on the ends of my arms – hands, you’d call them – found the elastic waistband on my shorts and pushed down, kept pushing down. Until my outer and inner shorts were around my knees and my rock-hard cock bounced up and into the open, every pulsing, precocious, pink inch of it.

Lester looked at my twitching cock, my twitching face, then grasped my narrow shoulders and turned me around. ‘Ouch again,’ I heard him say. Before feeling his glorious fingers against my skin, gently touching the bruised tailbone that he’d planted in the turf so hard.

‘Sorry about that, man. Maybe I should offer you more than a beer to make up for things, huh?’ His fingers rubbed just above my crack, slid down into my butt cleavage.

I gasped. And then his warm, strong hands were on my clenched buttocks, rubbing, squeezing. ‘Geez!’ I groaned, leaning back into the guy, the jelly content in my legs soaring to 99.9 per cent.

Lester gripped and kneaded my trembling butt cheeks, his wet mouth on my neck, kissing and licking my brimming skin. I felt his cock against my ass, rising up and filling my crack, his tongue swirling in behind my ear. He gently pumped his hips, driving his hard prick further in between my cheeks, his wet tongue in my ear setting my head to buzzing. And then his hands were on my chest, cupping and squeezing my pecs, long fingers pinching and rolling my needful nipples. I burned with a wicked, tingling sensation, floating on Cloud Ten.

Lester spun me around and clasped me in his strong arms, our hard cocks grinding together. Then he pressed his mouth against my mouth, his thick lips moving against my lips, the blowtorch heat from our naked bodies melding us together.

He pulled his mouth back, thoughtfully gauging my reaction. I couldn’t manage any words, though, the fiery first kiss, the super-sensual sensation of another guy’s pulsating prick against my prick, rendering me speechless. But when he licked at my quivering lips with a cotton candy pink tongue, I spoke volumes to the guy by grabbing on to his head and mashing my mouth into his.

I was flaming full-out homosexual for the very first time in my life, overcome with joy, a man actually in my arms, against my lips and cock. I jammed my tongue into his mouth and we swirled our slippery mouth organs together, surging with erotic energy.

‘How ’bout that shower?’ he eventually asked, after I’d chased his tongue back into his mouth. He grinned at me, slowly sliding his shaft up and down against my shaft. I bobbed my dizzy head.

And I just about lost my head, jumped right out of my skin, when the big guy closed his big mitt over my throbbing cock and towed me over to the shower stall. My whole body pulsed, the heartbeat in my hand-wrapped dick going like a rabbit.

I somehow managed to pull my socks off while Lester, still gripping my cock, got the hot water going again. ‘Let’s clean you up,’ he said, pulling me into the tub with him. ‘Then we’ll see how dirty we can get ya.’

His hands were all over me, soaping, rubbing, fondling. I just stood there and let the player with the soft hands on and off the field detail me, steam seeping into my ears and fogging my brain, my body a liquid mass, cock straight and tight as one of the guy’s spirals. And when he scrubbed around my balls, up and down my pole, I thought for sure I’d jet soft-soap all over the place.

‘How ’bout cleaning a certain body part of mine – with your mouth?’ Lester suggested, pointing at his own pipe.

I dropped to my knees in a swoon, getting eye-to-eye with the oiled, noir snake. Its veined-popped skin glistened, its giant hooded head bobbing. I’d never sucked a cock before in my life – let alone a monster cock – and I suddenly feared I would blow it – in a bad way.

But Lester had confidence in my abilities, gripping his club at the base with one hand and steering my head forward with the other. His huge, purple-black hood pushed against my lips, and I remembered to open my mouth. The bloated bulb glided in between my lips, into my mouth, and I was tasting the soft, chewy flesh, tugging on it.

‘Yeah, that’s the way,’ Lester groaned encouragement. He placed his hands on either side of my head, guiding me forward.

I grabbed his hips and watched, cross-eyed, as the gleaming shaft slid into my mouth, more and more of it. It was an awesome feeling, mouthing a man’s meat, feeling the power of dong pulsating away on my tongue. Then Lester’s cock reached my capacity and his cap bumped up against the back of my throat. I gagged. He pulled back a little, so I could swallow some spit, and then he started undulating his hips, fucking my mouth with his cock.

Water hissed off the stud’s back and steam rose like my blood pressure, as I moved my head back and forth, matching Lester’s movements. I was actually sucking the man’s cock, my lips greasing up and down his boiled shaft. And he praised my efforts by grunting and clutching at my hair, pulling on his nipples.

I got bold and grabbed his balls, weighing the heavy sack in my hand, squeezing it even as I wet-vacced his dick. He shuddered, muscles dancing all over his shimmering body. I sucked faster, harder, scraping the skin a bit but really blowing the man.

Until he jerked his dong out of my mouth and left me gasping, gaping empty and hungry. I desperately wanted to gorge some more on his meat, have him fill my mouth with his lust, taste another man’s salty essence. But Lester had other ideas. He pulled me to my feet and spun me around. Then he went to his knees in behind me, spreading my cheeks apart and without hesitation driving his tongue into my asshole.

‘God!’ I bleated, plastering my hands up against the slippery tiles, legs quivering.

Lester burrowed his tongue deep into my virgin anus, the warm, wet sticker sending raw bolts of sexual electricity arcing throughout my body. He licked all around my pucker, up and down my exposed crack, down to my tightened balls, flogging them with his tongue. I

full-body shivered, my feet slipping out from under me.

'Time to go for the end zone,' he growled, letting go of my buzzing bottom and rising to his feet.

I stared over my shoulder and watched him grab up the soap and slicken his nightstick, felt him lather up my butthole. Then he dropped the cake of lube and grabbed onto my waist with his left hand, steered his cockhead against my anus with his right. 'Fuck me,' I breathed. 'Please fuck my ass.'

I bit blood out of my lip, shaking out-of-control as the pressure mounted on my pucker. His hood bulged my butthole. And then he was inside me, popping my anal cherry and sliding his cock into my chute smooth and slick and sultry.

I dug my fingernails into the grout and groaned, a strange, heavy, superheated sensation unlike anything I'd ever felt before suffusing me. I had a man's cock up my ass. I could hardly believe it, the full-up feeling wild and wonderful, utterly blissful, overwhelming sensual. I closed my eyes, in sexual heaven.

Lester's muscled thighs pressed up against my cheeks, and I realised with a jolt that he was *all* the way inside me, thundercock buried to the balls in my skinny butt. And I'd taken it like a man, with hardly a whimper. I beamed with pride. He grasped my waist with both hands and rolled his hips, shifting his dong back and forth in my stretched-out chute, fucking me.

My head spun and my body smouldered, the erotic sawing sending shivers of delight chasing shivers of delight. My ass swelled up and went super-charged, my numb-hard cock bouncing in rhythm to Lester's thrusting. He pulled me upright, gripped me tight around the chest, smacking against me faster and harder, cock brutally pistoning my electrified chute.

'Oh … God!' I moaned jerkily. His tongue was in my ear, his fingers on my nipples, cock plundering my hole.

'Want me to come in your ass, man!?' he gritted, biting into my earlobe.

'Yes! Please … come in my ass!'

He torqued up the pressure even more, and I grabbed onto my flapping cock. And the instant contact sent me boiling over the edge, my senses blistered raw. My prick was a lit fuse and I exploded, blasting thick ropes of semen out of my flaming dicktip with every frantic stroke of my hand, of Lester's cock. I came with a fearsome intensity, sperm spurting forever out of my broken hose of a cock, as the muscle-stud splashed against my shuddering ass in a frenzy.

'Fuck, I'm coming too!' he howled, savagely churning my chute. Hot semen sprayed my bowels, over and over, the both of us blazing our ecstasy in the midst of that sizzling steam heat.

Afterwards, as I lay cuddled in Lester's arms in a warm, soothing bath, my butt sore but oh-so-satisfied, the sexual athlete revealed his own special seduction technique. 'Stick 'em, then stick him,' he stated bluntly, before laughing. Apparently, it wasn't the first time he'd nailed a guy he fancied on the football field, then "apologised" by nailing the dude back on his home turf.

Lester was a player, all right.

Man Wanted

The Model T pick-up swung off the dusty highway and rattled over the hard-packed ground, lurched to a stop at the gas pump.

'Wanna stretch your legs some?' the driver asked the man seated next to him.

Chester looked through the cracked windscreen, at the 'Man Wanted' sign in the flyblown restaurant window. 'That's OK,' he said. 'I think this is the end of the line for me.'

He jumped out of the truck and waved at the old man in thanks. A plump, redheaded girl in overalls barged out the screen door of the roadside restaurant and bounced up to the driver side. 'What'll it be?' she asked.

Chester went inside. It wasn't much of an eatery – five unpolished enamel-topped tables, six chewed-up stools fronting a chipped Formica counter, and a tiny kitchen visible out back through the sliding panels of a small service opening in the greasy wall.

It was even hotter inside than out, the Arizona high summer sun beating down relentlessly on the tin roof of the dilapidated building. There was no one around. Chester liked the emptiness, the loneliness, the desolation of the place and the surrounding land; this was about as far off the beaten track as a man could get.

He plucked the cardboard "Man Wanted" sign out of the window and tucked it under his arm, wandered through the swinging door that led into the kitchen and on out of the screen door at the back. And found someone.

A tall, lean, leather-hided guy was washing a car behind the garage attached to the restaurant, slopping soapy water out of a bucket and across the hood of a tan '29 Ford sport coupe. He was wearing nothing but his thin blue shorts, and his brown body shone under the hot sun, slick with sweat and water, his shorts just about soaked through.

Chester watched him give the car a rubdown, the wiry muscles on the man's back and shoulders tightening and glistening, slim butt cheeks swishing back and forth under the clinging shorts. Chester's throat went drier than the arid land all around, staring at those shivering, outlined buttocks. He licked his thick, red lips, the heat really getting to him now.

The man dropped his rag into the bucket and stretched his long torso, his plastered butt cheeks clenching deliciously. Then he seemed to sense Chester's keen presence on the stoop, and spun around.

'Hiya,' Chester croaked. He held up the sign. 'I'm your man – if you want me.'

The guy swung an arm up to shield his eyes, and took a good, long look at Chester. 'Know anything about cooking, or cars, or running a counter?'

'All of the above,' Chester responded, his soft blue eyes drifting down the man's lean, bronze chest and flat stomach, to where those shorts rode so low on his narrow hips. His cock was clearly outlined against the thin, wet cotton – long and hard like the rest of him – and Chester thought, this just might be the place to cool my heels for a while.

Or so he fervently hoped.

* * *

The guy's name was Russell, the plump redhead was his niece. She hauled her packed suitcase and fat ass out to the bus stop, headed for the starlights of Los Angeles, as soon as Chester was hired. And he went to work, pumping gas and water for the few parched vehicles that ground to a halt in front of the pumps, serving up hot food and cold drinks to the even fewer hungry and thirsty travellers who ventured inside the restaurant.

Russell was the cook and the mechanic. When he wasn't roaring off into the dark night in his souped-up car for parts and purposes unknown. That's when Chester took on all jobs. He slept on a cot in the store room, while Russell occupied the small white bungalow that stood to one side of the restaurant.

Everything went nice and easy, smooth, for about a week or so. When two men in shabby, dusty suits drove up in a shabby, dusty Chevrolet and started asking Russell questions about a certain fellow in his mid 30s with blue eyes and black hair parted down the middle, medium-height and medium-weight, that they were looking for.

Chester just happened to be in the kitchen at the time, bent down out of sight stocking the bottom cupboards. While Russell had his elbows up on the service counter, jawing with the men through the open sliding panels in the wall. 'What's the guy's name?' he asked.

'You seen him or not!?' the big bruiser with the blackened eye snarled.

The other man – sharp-faced and small, with a shock of white hair – put a restraining hand on the big man's arm. 'Chester Kandler,' he said calmly. 'Although, that's probably not the handle he's travelling under.' The man glanced around at the empty room, confided, 'See, he's wanted for knocking over a payroll in Colorado, and now he's skipped bail. We're, uh, working for the bonding company – to bring him back.'

Russell's shrewd, brown eyes took in every detail of the two men. He'd seen their kind before, plenty of times – men who didn't like working for a living. 'You think he came through here, huh?'

'Yeah, we think he come through here!' the bruiser growled. 'You seen the bum or not?'

'We'd appreciate any help you could give us,' the little man added quickly. 'There'd be something in it for you, too.'

'That right?' Russell mused, glancing down at where Chester was crouched, hardly breathing. 'A guy can always use some jack. Time's being so hard and all. How much money'd he get away with, anyway?'

'The bum stole it all!' the bruiser blurted. 'Fifty grand!'

The little man's dirty fingernails bit into the other man's arm so hard the bruiser winced. 'What my friend meant is that bail was set at fifty thousand.' He grinned tobacco-stained teeth at Russell. 'The stolen money was all recovered, you see.' He licked his thin lips. 'So, uh, have you seen the man we've described, or not?'

Chester inched closer to Russell's long legs, his back to the cupboards now, sweat bathing his baby face.

'Yodel that description one more time,' Russell said. 'Guy sounds sorta familiar.'

Chester swallowed, and shot his right hand up Russell's right leg, the small, pale, delicate hand riding up along the man's inner thigh and landing warm and soft on the man's crotch, on that seemingly always half-erect cock. Russell grunted, coughed, pretending to listen to the little white-haired guy running down Chester's description again, his cock instantly swelling to life under the hidden man's caressing hand.

Chester's mouth hung open, his eyes wide, as Russell's cock grew and grew in his stroking hand, filling the front of the man's threadbare jeans right up to the waistline, thick and long and pulsing like an electric cable. Chester's precarious predicament was forgotten for the moment, as he marvelled at the mammoth appendage, revelled in the ribbed, throbbing feel of it through the faded denim. He clutched, and pumped.

Russell's legs trembled, his voice cracking when he finally replied, 'Know what? There was a guy like that – stopped in with a trucker a week or so back.'

The bruiser and the little man leaned forward over the lunch counter. 'Yeah!?' they rasped.

‘Yeah, um …’

Chester furiously pistoned Russell’s monster cock, gripping the man’s heavy balls with his other hand and squeezing. Russell’s legs started to vibrate, his third leg solidifying hard as iron against Chester’s flying palm.

Then Russell grunted, full-body shuddered, a dark stain suddenly appearing at the top of his jeans, the bottom of his blue shirt, and rapidly spreading. As Chester urgently, anxiously pumped the man’s surging, spurting cock, squeezed every ounce out of his plum-sized balls.

‘Yeah!’ Russell exclaimed, his face flushing red under his tan. ‘Yeah! There was a guy like that. Got back on the truck after taking a leak and they drove off. Headed for Texas, I think – the trucker was in the pipe-laying business.’

The two men spun around and raced for the door.

Russell watched them speed off in a cloud of dust, tingling all over, shuddering again when Chester gave his cock a final firm, warm squeeze of thanks.

Chester couldn’t quite peg the guy. Russell didn’t say anything to him the rest of that day, and halfway through the next. And he wasn’t sure what, if anything, to say, or what to do.

He could hit the bricks again; but if the guys he’d pulled the heist with, Whitey Fleming and Dumbo Dombrowski, were really off on a wild goose chase down south, then right here just might be the safest place for him. So long as Russell didn’t believe that he actually had any of that payroll loot that had gone up in flames when the cops drove him off the road on his way to the rendezvous point to divvy things up with the boys. Or Russell didn’t get an even worse idea – like turning him into the authorities. And what if the boys came back and found him here, found that Russell had deliberately given them the bum steer? That would be the end of both of them.

Chester polished a malt glass at the lunch counter, staring absently out the restaurant’s front window at the lonely highway, thinking maybe taking a powder was the best bet, after all – for all concerned.

It was another blistering, cloudless day, the temperature outside 110, inside: 120. Sweat plastered his white shirt to his body, his face shiny with the stuff. He was really feeling the heat now.

‘Business is deader than that possum out on the road, huh?’

Chester almost dropped the glass. He looked around through the open service counter at Russell in the kitchen. ‘Uh, yeah, it’s quiet enough to hear a confession in here.’

‘Think I’ll grab a cold one.’ Russell pushed through the swinging door and slipped in behind the lunch counter.

It was a tight squeeze. And he never made it all the way to the small ice chest of Cokes just to the right of where Chester was standing. Because as he went to go by, the front of his jeans brushed over the back of Chester’s pants, over the man’s firm, mounded buttocks. And his cock lodged in between.

Chester stiffened, feeling Russell’s heavy prick pressing into and filling his crack, the provocative butt cleavage that was outlined and valleyed by the tight, white, cotton pants he was wearing. Feeling Russell’s hot body so close, the man’s musky cologne filling his nostrils and dizzying his head. He held his breath, sweat trickling down his forehead and stinging his eyes, the glass shaking in his trembling hands – waiting for Russell to move on by … or stay and play.

And then he felt it: Russell’s cock growing, hardening where it’d become trapped. He softly moaned, and gently pushed back, pressing his plump cheeks into Russell’s hard thighs, enveloping the man’s delightfully swelling cock. As Russell pushed forward,

sandwiching his sledge of a dick deeper in between Chester's buttocks.

A thrill shot through both men, jolting them together, the heat stifling, the accommodation crowded, but not crowded enough. Chester arched his back, and Russell grabbed onto him and pulled him even closer.

He clutched Chester's heaving chest, fingered stiff nipples through thin, white cotton, breathing down the guy's neck and rocking his hips, grinding his slab of meat into Chester's cushiony crack. As Chester moaned and leaned his head back on the man's shoulder, undulating his ass, massaging that thunder cock to its full size and strength, where it pressed pulsatingly in between his tingling buttocks.

He gasped, 'I … I just want to tell you that …'

'Don't tell me nothin'!' Russell hissed into his reddened ear. 'I don't wanna hear it.'

He grabbed Chester's shirt and tore it open, buttons bursting, rattling against the counter and down onto the tiled floor. Then he bit into Chester's slender, white neck, pumping his cock against Chester's well-formed ass, hands grasping and squeezing bare, furry pecs, fingers pinching and rolling exposed, pink nipples. Chester closed his eyes and groaned, fully giving himself up to the man, his body gone molten, cock a length of poured steel in his pants; cares melted away.

It became too hot, incendiary. So the clothes had to go, the two men tearing them off their bodies and flinging them aside. Until they stood brazenly, blazingly naked in the exact same position where the raging inferno had begun – Russell's bared, beating dong pressing urgently in between Chester's bare, quivering cheeks; the obscene pair facing the front window that looked out onto the asphalt ribbon and the endless land and seeing nothing but each other.

'I'm gonna fuck you!' Russell growled, roaming a hand down from Chester's stomach and grabbing onto the man's jutting pink cock. Sucking on Chester's earlobe, furiously frotting.

'Then fuck me!' Chester cried, gyrating his ass, churning his throbbing cock in Russell's hot, slick, gripping hand.

Russell swirled his tongue around in Chester's ear, and Chester twisted his head around and the men's lips met in a passionate embrace, tongues entwining wildly. As a water truck rumbled by on the highway out front, neither man noticing or caring. Everything out in the open now.

They hungrily kissed and frenched and fondled, their overheated bodies glued together, bathed in sweet sweat. Russell urgently cheek-fucking Chester until his flapping balls boiled with semen; Chester's nut sack tightening up with glorious anticipation thanks to Russell's tugging hand on his cock. But they both wanted more, knew they could get so much more from each other.

So Chester broke loose and bent forward, grabbing onto the lunch counter. As Russell scooped butter out of a dish and basted his meat, smeared Chester's crack; then slid two fingers into Chester's asshole. The bent-over man cried out with joy, with the wonderful, wanton feel of the other man's long fingers moving around in his ass. Russell revelling in the hot, tight, sucking grip of Chester's anus.

Fingers were quickly replaced with cockhead – huge, gleaming, mushroomed hood that had to be bodily forced into the tight opening, both men gritting their teeth and grunting. Russell gripped his greasy dong at the base and relentlessly pushed forward, Chester clawing at the countertop and pushing ass-backwards. Until bloated cap punched through elastic butt ring and squeezed into widened chute – followed by miles and miles of thick, hard, pulsating shaft.

Russell grasped Chester's waist with whitened knuckles and drove his hips forward, spearing his entire enormous cock into the other man's awesomely swallowing ass. Until balls kissed cheeks and the two men were one, buried in lust together. They held the superheated, super-sensual moment, a car flashing past the restaurant windows and not seeing the glisteningly naked bodies erotically joined at the cock and ass inside.

Russell rocked his hips, slowly sliding his snake back and forth in Chester's stretched-out chute. Then he let out a grunt and picked up the pace, pistoning his hips, slamming Chester's ass, drilling the man with the biggest, longest cock he'd ever had shoved up his anus. Chester moaned with pleasure and triumph, the plunging, stuffing, prostate-bumping sensation exquisite, Russell's monster cock cleaving him clear to the sexual core.

The men's grunts and groans, the wet, rapid smack of taut thighs against shuddering cheeks, the sucking sound of shaft reaming chute, filled the oven-hot air. Salt and pepper shakers and napkin holders rattled atop the counter with each savage thrust, Russell going deeper, longer, harder, his own flexing ass knocking aside coffee cups on the backstroke. He torqued it up to frenzy-level, Chester screaming encouragement, a carload of family turning off the highway and into the parking lot, then speeding off and away again.

Russell's cock flew in and out of Chester's asshole, Chester rocking crazily back and forth with the force and fury of the most brutal ass-fucking he'd ever dreamed of. He tore a hand off the counter and corralled his own flapping appendage, and desperately fisted, his plundered butt gone buzzingly numb as Russell's frantically pounding pole.

The two men cried out in unison, jolted together by pure, white-hot bolts of ecstasy. Sizzling sperm jetted out of Chester's hand-cranked cock, his body and brain on fire, ravaged asshole the blazing epicentre. As Russell's butt-buried cock exploded, blasted searing semen, blowing Chester's ass apart to the ultimate unbridled joy of the both of them.

When the bucking and bellowing and spurting at last abated, Russell draped his drained body over Chester's steaming torso, and gasped, 'You … you don't have ta worry about me turnin' you in. To the hoods or the cops.'

Chester smiled weakly. 'And you don't have to worry about me turning you in, either,' he sighed. 'For running that bootleg liquor I found in the rumble seat of your pepped-up Ford.'

They looked at each other. Then laughed, and kissed, sealing the deal. Russell gently undulated his spent cock in Chester's ass, as Chester gently undulated his flushed ass against Russell's loins; the pair wallowing in the warm, sticky afterglow of thunderous man-sex, connected now on a whole other level.

Just as a long, black car skidded to a dusty stop out front. And a swarm of Federal agents armed with search and arrest warrants, and tommy-guns, boiled out; catching the contented, criminous men with more than their pants down.

Hood

I stepped out onto the expansive cedar deck and let the warm rays of the morning sun wash over me. I took a sip of coffee, gazing out at the sparkling blue lake and the lush, green forest all around, grinning.

Then I walked down the stairs to the large backyard of the spacious lake house, out to the edge of the emerald lawn that led down to the private beach ten feet below. And I grinned all over again, admiring an even more spectacular view: a guy laid out on a beach towel on the sugary sand, totally nude.

He was young, his body smooth and suntanned. He was heavily-muscled like a professional bodybuilder and hung like a professional porn star. He lay with his arms at his sides and one leg bent, body glistening, cock resting long and hard on his ribbed belly, his balls smooth-shaven and eminently cuppable, hand or mouth. He had short, black hair, a cleft chin and a fine, straight nose, plush lips; and although his eyes were closed, I just bet they sparkled the same delightful colour as the lake.

A hunk of raw, cut beef left on my private beachfront, to bait me.

I'm a late sleeper, and maybe he hadn't figured on that. Because from ten feet below, with the bright sun in the clear, blue sky at my back, there was no way he could get a good look at me up on the bluff, a good look at *my* cock. As I planted the coffee cup in the grass and slipped my bathrobe open, lifted the heavy, swelling meat between my legs.

But, lo and behold, the muscled sunbather washed up on my beach began to stir, as if sensing my presence. He straightened his arms up over his head in one gigantic stretch, huge muscles tightening and flexing, back and bum arching, erect cock rising higher, served up on a stunning, shining man-platter.

Then he flopped down flat again, and his right hand slipped over his hip and onto his cock, gripping the thick, rigid appendage which was as golden-brown as the rest of him. He smiled to himself, he liked me to believe, as his other big hand slid in under his balls and grasped and squeezed the tight-packed sack. As he lifted his dong, and stroked.

Ol' Sol had nothing on the heat this young beach bum was generating. I shed my bathrobe, not loosening my grip of my own throbbing cock. My nude body blazed bronze out there in the sun-drenched, pine-scented secluded open, every bit as muscled as the stud stretched out down below. I pumped my dick in rhythm to his handjob.

He had the advantage on me in one respect – he was oiled for action, basted in suntan lotion. His hand glided up and down his gleaming cock, sliding smooth and tight along the shaft, fingers swirling deftly over and around the mushroomed hood.

I matched him stroke for stroke, even if mine was a dry-run, shifting my foreskin back and forth, exposing and rubbing my swollen hood. Watching the muscleman wax his dong, twist and pull on his sack.

His eyelids fluttered, and I caught the gleam of his eyes slitting up my way. But he couldn't see what he wanted to see. Not with that glaring sun at my back and in his eyes, my stroking hand engulfing my cockhead faster and faster.

His prick seemed to grow even longer, taller, as his palm swept up and down. He raised his hips and hollowed his stomach, his towering cock becoming almost all of him, everything to him, and I. Pecs clenching and biceps popping, heels digging into the sand, he urgently fisted the incredible length of his dong from base to cap, quickly pulling the pair of us past the point of no return.

‘Fuck!’ I hissed in heartfelt admiration, pinching a buzzing nipple, tugging on my cock.

The guy gasped, groaned, his muscled body writhing, hand flying. Semen sprayed out of his slit, leaping three feet into the air and splashing down onto his jumping chest. One blast, another, and another. Sperm shooting out of his hand-milked cock, striping his crunched pecs and abs.

I grunted and jerked my own joy, jetting come out of my cranked cock and right over the edge of the bluff. Burst after burst arced through the air and splattered down onto the hard-coming man below, mixing with his load on his he-man torso. A heated reply to his sizzling provocation.

When he’d finally emptied his strangled balls all over himself, he opened his eyes and grinned up at me. ‘Sorry to barge on to your beach uninvited,’ he apologized, unselfconsciously squeezing the last few drops of jizz out of his juicy cock. ‘And make such a mess.’

I laughed, clutching my drained dick at the head. ‘Looks like the mess is on you.’ His chest and stomach shone with sperm oil.

He stood up, told me his name was Paul, that he’d been backpacking in the woods, seen my beach and decided to set up a temporary camp for some full-frontal sunbathing. He had the backpack to support his story, the body to quell any objections to his sunbathing.

‘How ‘bout you go for a swim,’ I suggested, ‘and clean yourself off. I’ll join you in a minute.’

He liked that idea.

But his handsome face registered just a trace of disappointment when I stepped back out of the house and down to the beach wearing my swimsuit. It was just a little thing, a swatch of red spandex that nicely presented my package and highlighted my overpumped everything else, but still covered up my cock.

‘I didn’t pack a swimsuit,’ Paul said, flashing his straight, white teeth. ‘Mind if I skinny-dip?’ His clear, blue eyes twinkled.

‘Not at all. It’s a private beach. Just don’t stray into the shipping lanes.’

‘Gotcha.’ He looked around. ‘You sure have a beautiful spot here, Mr …?’

‘Just call me Blondie,’ I said, running a hand through my short, straight, blond hair.

Tony Losi – when he’d fled with the mob money, and the FBI informant money he’d gotten for exposing the mob-cop tie-up – had had dark, curly hair.

‘Well, you’ve got a great build … Blondie, to go with the great scenery.’

‘Thanks. You, too.’

Tony Losi had been fat, hairy, and fish-belly pale when he’d taken the money and disappeared into his own personal witness protection program.

Paul glanced down at his naked body, the slab of meat dangling enticingly long, even soft, between his legs. ‘Yeah, I hit the weights pretty hard, I guess. I’ve had a bit of work done, too.’ He looked up at me. ‘You?’

‘A man never tells,’ I responded, grinning.

Tony Losi had had a bent nose and a receding chin when he’d taken flight with the Feds and the mob at his heels. Nothing like my straight nose and strong chin.

Of course, all that could be worked on. What couldn’t be changed was that Gorbachev-like birthmark on the hood of Tony’s cock – there was no scientific way to wipe that away for good. It was better than fingerprints to identify your man, if you were willing to dig that deep. And there were five million reasons for digging just that deep.

I ran across the hot sand and dove into the cool water, Paul at my heels.

We splashed and swum around in the sun-dappled lake. And when Paul caught me and

turned me, and I looked at his streaming black hair, the water droplets gilding his broad bronze shoulders, those shining blue eyes of his, I just had to kiss the man.

We wrapped our brawny arms around one another and mashed our mouths together, his lips soft and wet and searching, mine hungry. I held his hard, hot body tight to my body in the waist-high water, and his bare cock surged against the pulsing need stretching out the front of my swimsuit.

He slipped his tongue into my mouth, arousing and tangling it with my tongue. Using the distracting action to dive one of his hands down into the water, in search of my cock. But that was going just a little too off the deep end, just yet.

So, I grabbed Paul's wrist and gasped into his mouth, 'Easy, big guy. Let's not get ahead of ourselves.'

His eyes momentarily lost their wanton softness, as he tested my strength, trying to swim his hand closer. The water rippled with our muscular tug-of-war.

Until Paul grinned and relaxed. His hand drifted back up, dripping, onto my shoulder, and his eyes sparkled again, agreeable to anything. 'Sorry,' he said, licking his lips. 'I get kind of excited sometimes.'

Money can do that to a man.

I kissed him, tongued his lips all around. Then I pressed my cock hard against his submerged log, started churning my hips, frotting the guy. He groaned, his eyelids fluttering, faking it, maybe; but feeling it, for sure.

The pulsating length of cock in my swimsuit slid smooth and sensuous against Paul's bared meat, our lips sealing together and tongues entwining. His knuckles bled white on my brown shoulders, fingernails biting into my flesh. I dropped my own hands down into the water and grabbed onto his big, bare ass. And his mounded buttocks began pumping in rhythm to my thrusting, fucking me back cock-to-cock.

The sun beat down on us, the water warming with our erotic efforts. We moved our hips faster, sliding our dicks together harder, the elongated pair squeezing against one another like snakes making love. I could feel the beating of his cock through my cock. And then the spurting, as he came.

He bucked and grunted, his butt cheeks jumping in my hands, his hot sperm flooding my groin. He tilted his head back and I bit into his neck. And the muscleman's powerful orgasm triggered mine again, for the second time that day. White-hot jizz boiled out of my tightened balls and blasted out the tip of my pistoning dong, clouding the waters with more come.

We clung to each other in the lake, pumping ecstasy against one another. Just two strangers out for a swim. So much more going on beneath the surface.

* * *

Paul helped me prepare dinner, peppering me with questions throughout. Where was I from? What did I do? How long had I lived there?

The only one missing: any birthmarks?

Partially-clothed now in a muscle-shirt and pair of shorts, to match mine, his hands, lips and body touched me often, as I barbequed the steaks and baked the potatoes, and he tossed the salads. Real he-man fare.

Tony Losi was more of a baked spaghetti and linguini alfredo kind of guy.

'Great meal,' Paul stated with satisfaction, after we'd tucked away all the food. Sex has a way of making a man hungry – for more. 'Now, what's for dessert?'

We were sitting out on the deck overlooking the lake and surrounding forest. The sun

was beginning to dip lower in the sky, the shadows lengthening.

Tony Losi had a thing for giving blowjobs and getting fucked in the ass after a huge meal – chowing down and then going down, getting stuffed at both ends, he liked to say.

I stood up and took Paul's hand, led him back inside the house and down the hall and into the bathroom. His eyes lit up when he saw the size and elegance of the room, the huge, old-fashioned, cast-iron tub that stood alongside the far wall. The claw-footed dunk tank could comfortably hold two, I well-knew.

'Care for another dip?'

Paul popped his top and shucked his shorts before I even had the silver faucets open and running. He gripped my shorts from behind and yanked them down. I kept my butt to the guy, letting the hot water halfway fill the tub and then adding lots and lots of soothing, bubbling bath salts. Straightening up again, I pulled off my muscle-shirt and stepped out of my shorts and into the tub, back still to the eager young man.

I sat down in the heated suds, turning, smothering bubbles coming up to my waist. I leaned back against the smooth, cool metal surface of the tub and watched Paul follow me in, his cock bobbing fully-erect again, muscles rippling all over his Golden Wonder body. He lowered himself down into the water on the opposite side of the love-tub, facing me.

'Beautiful,' he breathed.

Before he could catch his breath, I moved around so that I was on my hands and knees in front of the guy, in between his legs. I scooped aside a cloud of foam and exposed his cock, grasped the slippery pole. 'Beautiful, indeed,' I murmured, lowering my head and filling my mouth with his handsome hood.

'Yeah!' he growled.

I gripped the base of his towering dong and crept my lips down his slickened shaft, consuming him inch by inch, enveloping him in manmade warmth and wetness. He tasted just as meaty and succulent as he looked. I bobbed my head up and down, sucking on his prick, tugging on the smooth shaft and hood with my lips and mouth, stroking with my tongue.

Paul gripped the sides of the tub and groaned, genuinely admiring my skill. Then he started moving his hips, fucking my mouth in rhythm to my sucking. His cock slid deep into the back of my throat and back out again, over and over, my lips sealing and cheeks billowing.

'Let me blow you!' the guy finally gasped. He rose up in the tub, his cock popping out of my mouth and leaving me empty, intent on grabbing my cock, and the answer to all of his questions.

So, I grabbed his V-waist and spun him around and pulled him down, using my muscle. He landed on his butt with a splash, his broad back to me. I shoved him up, slid under him, so that his wet ass was directly above my wet cock, primed and ready for penetration.

He had to hold onto the sides of the tub to steady himself and I wasted no time in spearing my hood into his butthole, thrusting shaft up his ass. 'Yeah. Fuck me!' he groaned, like he'd honestly forsaken business for pleasure, for the time being.

Muscles locked all over his arms and back, as he held himself up, balancing on my cock, squeezing me in the heated vice of his chute. I draped my arms over the sides of the tub for leverage and lunged up and down, pumping Paul's hot, gripping bung.

Water and suds slopped onto the marble floor, the great tub shaking like the man himself, as I hammered my cock into his ass. He managed to grab onto his own flapping cock and jack it, feet jamming up against the end of the tub.

I gritted my teeth and flung my hips back and forth, sweat streaming off my face, chest

and arms in muscular seizure, body beating against Paul's backside, pistoning his velvet chute. *I* was all-cock now, plowing into the guy's manhole, in preparation to plugging it full of come.

The water splashed faster and higher, bubbles floating upwards, wet flesh smacking together; one man's cock furiously reaming another man's ass. 'Fuck you!' I cried, exploding inside Paul.

He shook on the end of my wildly thrusting and spurting cock, shooting ropes of jizz out of his own fisted dick. Until the last of my load of molten sperm stung his bowels, his own load streaking the wall and the tub.

He tumbled down into my arms and I held his heaving body tight against mine, cock still buried in his butt. We both shuddered with the aftershocks of all-out release. And then I slipped my arms up and around his neck, putting him in a sleeper hold. I slid down into the water, taking the man, whoever he was, under.

It was the same technique I'd used on Tony Losi, in the lake. Right after I'd yanked his hard cock out of his red Speedo and sighted the birthmark on his hood. He told me where he'd hidden the money, before disappearing for good.

I'd recognized his cap, but he hadn't recognized my face or body, what with all the work I'd had done. I was one of the crooked cops he'd fucked-over, literally and figuratively. The ugly hood.

Nailed By Noir

'I … I don't know, Bruno,' Jeffrey whined, fingering the rain-slick alley wall, his eyes jumping out into the street at the slightest noise. 'I'm … I'm scared.'

The big cop in the trenchcoat grabbed the little grifter and spun him around. 'We're all scared, kid,' he growled. His hardbitten face flashed in a blast of lightning. 'The whole damn world's scared. But we still gotta do what we gotta do.'

He slapped the young man's cap away, exposing golden curls. He roughly fondled them, thick fingers twitching. Jeffrey's eyes went wide and breathtakingly blue in the strobing sheets of electricity. Bruno gripped the golden curls and slammed his twisted mouth hard against Jeffrey's young, soft mouth.

The two men, the big cop whose partner had been gunned down and the slender stoolie who'd witnessed the slaying, hungrily kissed one another in the thunder of the night, devouring each other's mouths. Rain poured down out of a low-slung sky rent by ionized fireballs, the pair locked together.

'I'm gonna blow you,' Bruno grunted at last, breaking away from Jeffrey's gasping mouth.

'H … here?' the young man gulped. This was all new to him – helping the cops, helping himself to the toughest cop on the toughest beat in the city.

But Bruno was already on his knees on the slippery alley floor, tearing Jeffrey's belt loose, the zipper on his jeans down. He pulled the petty crook's cock out into the open, hard and yearning; the smoothest, arrow-straightest erection he'd ever laid eyes, or hands, on.

'Please, suck me!' Jeffrey urged, in deep, and wanting to go deeper.

Bruno bared his teeth and bit into Jeffrey's meaty hood. The blond vibrated in his mouth. He encircled Jeffrey's shaft with his trigger-finger and thumb and stroked smooth-as-silk for a rough man, chewing on the kid's cockhead.

Then he consumed the bulbous cap and pushed his lips down the throbbing shaft, started sucking on the young man's cock. Jeffrey groaned, knocking the kneeling man's hat off and digging his fingers into the dark tangle of hair, riding Bruno's obscenely bobbing head with his desperate hands.

The cop clutched Jeffrey's trembling butt cheeks and power-sucked prick, quick and hard, rocking the whimpering young man. He sucked right down to the blond balls and back up again, over and over, thunder booming and lightning crackling, black rain drenching everything. Until Jeffrey just couldn't take the cop's oral interrogation any more. He pushed Bruno back.

'I'm gonna fuck you,' Bruno rasped, yanking Jeffrey's jeans all the way down. He wheezed to his feet, spun the kid around, forcing him to assume the position against the wall. 'Then you're gonna tell me everything you know, about the shooting.'

Jeffrey jerked his head up and down, as Bruno unbelted himself, unholstered his back-up gun. He regarded the blond's downy, water-dappled cheeks in the lightning light for a moment, then spread ass with one hand and plugged his rod into the kid's gloryhole with the other.

Jeffrey moaned, clawing at the slippery brick, the cop's hard cock plunging deep into his ass. Bruno started thrusting his powerful hips, fucking Jeffrey's tight anus, nailing the little snitch to the wall the best way a cop can.

'Pumpin' the kid for information, huh, Bruno?' a voice sneered from the sidewalk.

The two men jerked their heads around. Clyde Denton, boss of the Fifth District wrecking crew, killer of Bruno Zaccardi's partner, grinned at the overexposed pair.

Bruno slid his meat back out of Jeffrey's stretched chute, just far enough so that his bloated cap occupied a tight, sweet spot in between the kid's taut cheeks. 'There's enough here for two men, Clyde,' the big cop growled. Over Jeffrey's hysterical squeal of protest … and that annoying knocking sound in the background.

I hit "pause" on the remote, listened. Yup, that knocking wasn't coming from the soundtrack of The Big Squeal, the x-rated film noir DVD I had playing. It was coming from my own door.

I angrily tucked my hard-on back into my bathrobe, cursing the interruption. The big climax – and mine – were only ten short, stroked minutes away. I rolled off the bed and padded out of the bedroom and down the hall, squinted into the peephole.

Someone was out there in the hallway, all right, with their back to the door. Dressed in a grey fedora and trenchcoat, of all get-ups. I blinked my peeper, wondering if maybe my mind's eye was still back there in that dark digital alley-sex scene.

But no, the someone was still out there in the hallway in that old-fashioned costume. I cracked the door open, chain-width. 'Yes?'

The doorknocker turned around, and I saw it was a man. A brown-eyed man with a Roman nose and a cleft chin and thick, red lips, black hair streaming out from under the edges of his pushed-back fedora. 'Aubrey Fleinkins?' he asked, in a voice deep and gravelley.

I went weak in the knees. 'Y … yes?'

'I have to talk to you. I need your help. I'm in trouble.'

I swallowed, hard. The guy was built like he'd have no trouble handling any kind of trouble that came his way. He looked deep into my eyes and asked, 'Can I come in?'

And my good sense melted away in the warm, brown spotlights. I fumbled the door open and the tall, dark, ruggedly handsome stranger strolled past me and inside my apartment.

He walked over to one of the bookshelves in the living room, ran his long fingers over the spines of the many noir paperbacks I've collected. Then he wandered on over into the kitchen, briefly touching the half-eaten 86% cocoa Noir de Noir chocolate bar I'd left on the table, next to my dirty Noir Collection dinnerware set and coffee cup half full of Café Noir coffee. Getting the impression, no doubt, that I had a bit of a noir fetish.

He strode up to me, caught me by the shoulders. 'I need your help, Aubrey – desperately.'

I gulped. He really did look like Clive Owen up close. His strong, warm hands on my skinny arms flooded me with heat. 'R … really? *My* help?'

'You work for the police department, don't you?' He licked his lips with a quick, pink tongue. 'I need … I need you to do something for me.'

Thunder exploded outside in the night, lightning arcing across dark, rain-swollen clouds. I'd forgotten to close the drapes on the sliding doors to the balcony again.

'Um, I'm o … only a civilian employee with the Department. I really don't have much pull.' What did he want? What had he done? My mind raced along with my pulse.

His fingers dug into my arms, eyes searching mine. 'You're my only hope,' he breathed. 'You can call me … Danger.'

We stared at one another, the blood running hot in my veins, cock pumping up hard again under my robe. His warm breath steamed into my face, his warm hands pressing into my flesh. Thunder peeled another warning from just outside, rain slashing down now, rattling urgently against the windows. As the man code-named Danger slowly moved his head

closer, his eyes shining, lips parting … mouth pressing into mine.

He kissed me soft and sweet and sensual. And I tingled all over, head spinning, cock vibrating. This man is dangerous, I vaguely thought; a walking, talking, lip-smacking embodiment of all those black and white noir fantasies come to blazing, Technicolor life. I should run, I should hide, I shouldn't take any chances – as usual.

But I didn't run. I didn't move, not an inch. Instead, I let the stranger named Danger kiss me right on the lips right in my own home, seize me in his powerful arms and press his trenchcoated hard-on against my bathrobed hard-on. It was dizzy and delightful, his wet lips moving against mine, his long arms clasping me tight. I'd known the guy only two brief, breathless minutes and already I knew I'd do anything for him, steal any file or tamper with any evidence he asked. So long as he kept me safe and warm in his magnificent arms and lips.

His tongue glided into my mouth and bumped into my tongue. I gasped. Then tentatively, weakly moved my tongue, as he boldly coiled his slippery snake around my sticker. My face and body burned.

His hands drifted up to my neck, slid under my bathrobe, onto the tingling naked flesh of my shoulders. He pushed the fluffy, white cotton away and the bathrobe parted at my chest, his bare hands caressing my bare skin, his tongue swirling around my tongue. I was powerless to resist, my heart singing with an electricity that came not from the sky, but from the rugged man's hands and mouth, the heated closeness of his hard body.

He gathered up my panting tongue into his mouth and gently sucked on it, his big, hairy hands sliding over my pale little chest, brushing straining pink nipples. I groaned, and his nimble fingers danced with my hardened buds, tweaking, rolling, pinching, as he sucked and sucked on my outstretched tongue. A clap of thunder sounded, but I hardly heard it, the blood pounding in my ears and dick. I shimmered with a wicked, all-encompassing eroticism the likes of which I'd never felt before.

Then Danger suddenly pulled back, leaving me and my tongue dangling. He stripped off his fedora and spun it away, shook out his night-shaded hair. My throat went dry as Bogie's wit. He unbelted his trenchcoat, unbuttoned it, pulled it back off his span of shoulders and let it drop to the floor. I croaked like a patsy fed a lead pill. The man was utterly, totally, gloriously nude.

Soft, black fur covered his broad, mounded chest, nipples peeking out pinkly erect. His stomach was flat and ribbed, waist drawn in enough to do any wasp proud. My astonished, unblinking eyes drifted lower, into the black, matted pubes of his groin, up and along the huge, rigid length of his upraised cock.

I blinked. The man's rod was long-barrelled and vein-threaded, cocked head outrageously mushroomed, heavy double-shot sack hanging tight underneath. I sucked oxygen into my starved lungs, barely comprehending that he had reached out and unlashed my robe, unveiling my own not-unimpressive erection.

The robe cascaded to the floor, and the mystery man pushed his hips forward so that his cap kissed up against my cap. I shuddered, drool forming in the corners of my mouth like rain in the gutters outside.

'You'll help me, won't you?' Danger spoke to me. 'If I help you.'

I jerked my head up and down. And his big cock pushed my big cock back and up until the two hot pisstols were pulsing heatedly against one another, Danger hugging me close again. We kissed, frenched, our naked bodies melding together, cocks embracing skin-to-foreskin.

He licked my neck, bit into my bobbing Adam's apple. And then his tongue travelled

lower, his hot, humid breath staining my skin, our cocks parting company. He gripped my waist and tongue-flicked a nipple, then the other. I shook in his hands, like the building in the raging storm. He sealed his lips around an achingly-hard bud and sucked on it, tugged it almost right off my heaving chest in his ardour. Then he sucked on my other nipple, bit into it, sending me and my cock soaring.

He painted a wet, fiery trail down off my chest and onto my stomach, into my bellybutton, all over my abdomen. I quivered as if struck by lightning, as he sank to his knees in the shag and breathed all over my straining prick, teasing me hard and brittle enough to break in two.

'I'll do anything you ask!' I gushed, just as he pulled my twitching hood into the warm, wet vacuum of his mouth.

I plunged my fingers into his silky hair and took hold, Danger sucking on my cap, swabbing his tongue back and forth across the sensitive underside of my shaft. Before slowly and exquisitely sliding his lips down, down my boiling cock, engulfing me in my throbbing entirety.

'God!' I moaned, his nose pressing into my blond pubes. I was cock-locked-down vice-tight and sponge-wet in the mouth and throat of Danger.

He looked up at me staring down at him. My iron rod had disappeared, the only evidence of its fire-forged existence the bulging cheeks and swollen throat of the man on the floor. Breath hissed out of his flared nostrils, bathing my groin. I felt high enough to float through the low-hanging clouds and kiss the smiling sun on the other side of the world, the only things anchoring my physical body to the physical earth my hands in his hair and his mouth on my cock.

Then he pulled back, and we both blew air and saliva. He teased the dripping tip of my pulsating cock with his tongue, before downing me whole again. Clamping me tight for a breathtaking second, and then pulling back, again and again, deep-sucking me into sexual oblivion.

I jumped each and every time my dick hit the back of his throat and beyond, riding his relentlessly bobbing head with my sweaty hands. Lightning crashed and thunder rolled, and my chin-struck balls boiled out of control. Which is exactly when Danger pulled back for good, his fingers fondling my sack sensing the tremoring, perhaps.

He climbed to his feet and kissed me, smearing some of my precome onto my trembling lips. 'I need to fuck you,' he growled, eyes gleaming. 'To seal our deal. Make you mine.'

He didn't wait for a reply, grasping my spit-slickened dong and towing me over to the sliding doors and out onto the balcony. The rain washed over my body in a wave, cooling me down not a bit. The maneater released my cock and pushed me forward, so that I was gripping the slippery iron railing that surrounded the 20th storey concrete pad. Danger was in behind me; and in front of me, as well. I stared out into the rain-silvered gulf of the night, at the throbbing, twinkling city far below. The unknown man I'd known for less than ten blowtorch minutes could've easily sent me sailing off into the inky soup with a shove, without so much as a whimper from me. But he grasped my bent waist with one hand and slapped my bare ass with the other, instead. Jolting me up onto my toes.

I did whimper, as he smacked my wettened cheeks around, taking ownership of my ass. And he must've been concealing a packet of lube in his trenchcoat along with his rod, because he suddenly greased up my crack with something more than just rainwater. I shivered at the touch of his fingers on my gloryhole, shuddered when he replaced warm fingers with hot, hard cock, slipping his meat in between my quivering cheeks.

'Fuck me!' I cried, wanting it worse than ever before. Like in the sizzling sex scene in

The Big Squeal, wet and wild and oh-so-wicked.

Danger plowed into my pucker, his battering-ram hood bursting through and driving deep into my anus. I arched my back and tilted my head back and let out a silent scream, white-knuckling the railing. As the man's muscled thighs banged up against my buttocks, cock full-length embedded in my chute.

He dug his fingernails into my waist and powered up his hips, sliding his heavy dong back and forth in my gripping ass. The wet-hot friction was incredible, the feeling of overfullness earth-shattering. The railing shook like my arms and legs, and ass, as Danger pumped my butthole.

I rocked with the power of his passion, his cock surging inside me, my body blazing and brain going into meltdown. I'd never so much as nude sunbathed out on my balcony before, let alone got fucked silly by a perfect stranger out in the pouring rain. But I'd never agreed to violate the sanctity of my position with the Force before, either. These were dangerous, desperate times, calling for desperate measures. I tore a hand off the railing and grabbed onto my flapping cock, started fisting for all I was worth.

Danger grabbed me by the shoulders and jerked me almost upright, frenziedly churning my chute, fast-fucking my anus. As I frantically tugged on my numb-hard prick. The lightning-lit sky exploded with thunder that still failed to drown out the sharp, searing smacking of one man's flying thighs against one man's gyrating cheeks.

'I'm coming!' Danger cried.

'Me too!' I wailed, jerking like mad.

Jism exploded out of my jacked-up cock, an orgasm more cataclysmic and complete than I'd ever experienced obliterating my body and mind, the big man pounding me into blessed oblivion. I danced around on the wet concrete on the end of Danger's wildly pistoning cock, blissfully aware of his own hot semen splashing up against my bowels.

It took a sweet, long time to wring ourselves and our dicks out. Danger finally eased out of my battered ass, and I almost collapsed down into nothing, unbelievably empty. But he held me up, pressing his soft cock into my soft cheeks and kissing my neck.

'I live in the apartment directly below yours,' he whispered into my ear. 'And I actually came up here to complain about you playing your television so loud. See, I've been hearing The Big Squeal for the past three nights, and I'm getting kind of sick of it.' I spun around in his arms. 'But … but what about your story about …?'

He grinned. 'I just made that up. I'd seen you move in and liked what I saw, so instead of yelling at you about the TV, I thought I'd play a little noir game that might appeal to you and your tastes … and mine.'

I gave my head a shake. 'But how did you know I worked for the police department? There isn't any evidence or files you want me to destroy?'

He reached out and tickled my balls, gave my cock a friendly squeeze. 'I saw the police parking tag on your car.' He shrugged. 'I guess there *are* a few parking tickets I wouldn't mind seeing disappear.'

I turned and wrapped the big man's strong arms around me again, grinning. Boldly facing the naked city nude, lewd, and thoroughly-screwed. After all he'd done for me, I could certainly arrange something for him, all right.

Owner-Operator

I wiped the sweat from my brow, secured the ball cap back on my head and drifted through the gates of *Northern Roads Trucking*. I headed for the double-wide trailer that had an "Office" sign stuck to its side. It was 95 degrees, just warming up, and this sun-baked trucking yard was the last place I wanted to be. But economic necessity and a chequered driving record drove me on.

I plodded up the wobbly wooden steps, grabbed the heated brass knob and twisted and pulled. Nothing. I pulled harder. Still nothing. I yanked, and the door flew open and the knob slipped out of my hand and I tumbled ass-backwards onto the hot asphalt. So much for making a good first impression.

'Help ya!?' a leathery broad with an orange dye job barked at me, as I ducked inside the office/oven. She looked like an unmade bed in a fleabag motel. She was parked behind a dented grey metal desk, a smouldering cigarette hanging limp as a soft-on from between her cracked lips.

I tried to shut the door, couldn't, gave it up. 'I'm looking for a job driving a rig,' I stated.

'Uh-huh.' She pulled the cigarette out of her pruned kisser with a pair of walnut-coloured and textured fingers, and blew smoke in my face.

We glared at each other, her watery eyes only slightly more bloodshot than mine.

'Got some forms for me to fill out or something?' I finally asked, wiping my hands on my jeans.

She blew exhaust out of one side of her mouth, used the other to holler, 'Hey, Crud! We takin' on any new drivers?'

Something creaked in the room behind the scarred receptionist and fake-wood panelling, and then a heavy tread shook the NRT corporate offices. A man filled the doorway, all six-foot-five, two-hundred-and-twenty rugged, rangy pounds of him. He had steel-grey hair and a lined, sun-browned face, a pair of pale blue eyes. He looked like the roll call sergeant from Hill Street Blues, except this guy's uniform was a denim shirt and a faded pair of blue jeans.

He looked me over, a frown on his thick lips. 'Get in here,' he growled.

I followed him into his office, Miss Wonderful shooting me a cackle as I passed, ash hanging off her cigarette like trunk off an elephant. The nameplate on the man's cluttered desk read, *Karl Crudler, President*.

He planted himself in a shiny, black leather chair and gestured at me to park it in the lawn chair set up in front of his desk. He grunted, 'Let's see your paperwork.'

I handed him my licence, driver's transcript, one-page work record, and he briefly ran his eyes over them, then snarled, 'Owner-operator for ten years, eh? What makes you suddenly wanna be an *employee*?' He spat out that last word.

'I don't,' I replied frankly. 'But I wrecked my truck a couple of months back and I haven't got the cash for a new one. And my credit rating's lower than General Motors' right now. And my driving record is a little bumpy. So … I came here.'

Crud grimaced, then rubbed his mouth with a big, brown hand, studying me. 'Well, I'm the owner and operator of this outfit – understand?'

I swallowed what little pride I had left and nodded.

'You know how to handle a big rig?'

'I've been driving for …'

‘We’ll see. I got 20 tractors and 50 trailers, a warehouse, garage, and 30 employees.’ There was that word again. ‘I run on winter roads up north ain’t nothin’ more than frozen ruts on a lake, summer roads full a more craters than the moon. I stock the remotest reserves and dock at the crummiest tin can terminals.’ He stared at me with his armour-piercing blue eyes. ‘Think you can handle that?’

‘I can handle anything,’ I boasted, sweat trickling down my back, and front.

‘Let’s hit the road.’

We adjourned the stifling trailer and reassembled on the melting tarmac, in front of a rust-potted tractor-trailer that looked like it’d just rolled out of a museum. A pair of gleaming eyes watched us from the shaded depths of the garage, and then Crud told me to saddle up.

I watched him climb aboard the rig, his hard buttocks almost bursting his threadbare jeans, and then I swung up into the driver’s seat. The tractor had all the amenities one would expect in a company unit where the company operated out of a mobile home, which is to say none. No air-cushioned ride, no air-conditioning, no satellite TV or radio, no GPS tracking system, no nothing. Just a well-worn steering wheel and gear shift, an air horn and a few instrument dials.

I fired it up, cranked into gear, and the rig leaped forward.

‘Easy,’ Crud said, placing a restraining hand on my thigh – a big, warm hand. ‘You gotta coax performance outta this old unit.’

I looked down at his hand, up at his face, wondering just which “old unit” he was talking about. A smile flashed across his full lips, and I felt my own motor start to run. I drove forward, Crud pointing the way.

I easily cleared the drivers’ course laid out at the far end of the yard with nary a pylon spilled. Then Crud told me to haul it out into traffic, and I neatly manoeuvred the bucking 18-wheeler down some busy city surface streets, before hitting the highway.

Three miles down the shimmering pavement, Crud told me to pull off on to a gravel road. The road bisected an endless field of sun-ripened wheat, and two miles down that dusty lane, he told me to pull over. He set his hand back down on my thigh, and this time he meant business.

‘I like you, kid,’ he said.

The cloud of dust I’d kicked up blew on by, leaving everything hanging out in the open.

I swallowed, my throat clicking dry as the surrounding countryside. ‘I … like you too, Crud,’ I croaked, and I wasn’t lying. Normally, I hook up with men my own age, but I wasn’t averse to a more experienced hand every now and then. Especially one with the seasoned good looks and stone-cold build of Karl Crudler.

He moved his hand higher up my leg, and my body fired hotter than the air swirling in through the open windows. Then his hand slid over my crotch, covering me up fully in that most sensitive of male places. I hardened with appreciation.

‘You got the equipment for the job, all right,’ he said, rubbing the rigid outline of my cock.

He leaned over and kissed me, hard and hungry, and I kissed back. His heavy tongue swum into my mouth, rousing my own tongue to life. And as we slapped our tongues together, I felt him unbelt and unzip me, felt his bare, calloused palm on my bare, pulsating cock.

He gripped and stroked my straining hard-on, flooding my body with joy. ‘Yeah!’ I groaned into his open mouth. I grabbed his head and ran my fingers over his bristly hair, as we urgently frenched, as his deft, knowing hand swirled up and down my raging erection.

He tugged on my granite member, pushing my head back so that he could kiss and lick

my neck. I sat there and took it, loved it, rolled around in it, the big man having his way with me, my body and cock vibrating.

He unhanded my prick for a second in order to yank my T-shirt up over my head, then went back to stroking me, stoking me, his tongue slashing now at my swollen nipples. He sucked on first one hard, burnt-sugar nipple and then the other, then bit into them.

'Fuck, I'm gonna come,' I bleated, my balls tightening, tingling in warning.

'No you ain't – not yet,' Crud said. He encircled my throbbing meat at the base with his thick fingers and squeezed. He sucked on my nipples for a moment longer, before finally releasing me. 'You take it up the ass, Lane?' he asked gruffly.

I opened my eyes and blinked away the sweat. I usually came out on top, but Crud was running this show. I nodded.

He wrangled his jeans and shorts down to his ankles, then sat back in his seat, heavy, veined cock standing up tall and true as the man himself. He reached under the seat and pulled out a small, travelling bottle of lube, greased up his cock to shining slickness.

'Get your gear box on over here, son,' he rasped, stroking his glistening meat slow and sure.

I took a quick look around, but there wasn't a thing moving on that parched landscape but the waving sea of wheat, our rig an island paradise in the midst of that sun-drenched ocean of grain. I arched up and pushed down my pants and underwear, unlaced my boots and kicked everything aside. Then I climbed over the gearshift knob and into Crud's cock-cushioned lap, my own prick bobbing like a diesel tank dipstick.

I squatted on the seat in front of Crud and his massive fuck club, feet on either side of his muscled thighs. He slicked up my crack with the motion lotion, and I moaned at the touch of his raw fingers, kissing him square on the mouth when he slid a digit inside my ass to test out his lube job.

He pumped me with his finger, our tongues entwining again. Then he grabbed me by the waist and pulled me forward, over the top of his mushroomed cockhead. He stared me in the eyes and steered his huge hood up against my tiny pucker. I pressed down with my ass.

'Fuck me!' I wailed, the man's bloated cap punching through my starfish and plunging inside me.

I sank down onto his long, hard cock, impaling myself. He was halfway embedded when he pulled the legs out from under me, splashing me down into his lap, his cock shooting up my chute. My head spun and my eyes watered, the wicked, stuffed-full feeling sending me sailing.

'Geez you're tight!' he groaned, grasping my cheeks and lifting me up, dropping me back down, fucking my ass.

I clung to Crud's neck and sloppily kissed him, frenched him, as he hoisted me up and down and pumped his hips, pumping my ass with his spike of a cock. His breath steamed into my face, the sweat running down his seamed, handsome face, my butt bouncing off his legs and balls, chute gripping his pistoning cock.

It felt like he was ripping me apart, splitting me in two, filling me to the point of bursting; it felt fan-fucking-tastic! I bit into his tongue and frantically sucked on it as he blasted my ass, my own cock whacking against his stomach.

'I can't hold 'er much longer!' he hollered, his rugged face contorted with brutal pleasure, the bruising exertion of our wicked lovemaking.

I grabbed my cock and wildly fisted, speeding up my savage butt-fucking by helping Crud with his heavy lifting. My cock was a numb slab of meat, my ass an electrified mass. I tugged on my prick in a frenzy, bouncing up and down. And just as Crud's mouth broke

wide open and his body jerked and he rocketed come up my ass, I came with a blazing intensity.

'Fuck, yeah!' I howled, riding my lover, jacking long, thick ropes of white-hot semen out of my pulsing cock and onto Crud's stomach and chest. I came for what seemed like forever, draining my balls, Crud shaking like a wheat stalk in a westerly as he filled my blistered bottom to overflowing.

The dried-out dame with the perpetual cigarette gave me a knowing glance as I gingerly climbed up the stairs and into the trailer, to fill out some payroll forms. 'Crud drove you pretty hard, huh?' she cracked, blowing her lungs out.

I handed her a tight smile, eased into a chair and started writing. I didn't much like becoming an employee of anyone, but Crud was one boss I wouldn't mind riding my ass.

Rendezvous In Porcelain

The guy was gulping down water like it was raining men, and I knew it was only a matter of time.

He was sitting on a tiger-stripe beach towel about 50 feet in front of me, his smooth, muscular, ebony body gleaming with lotion and sweat under the hot sun. Judging by the salt sprinkled throughout the pepper of his close-cropped hair, he was somewhere over 40 – a somewhere that has always held a special attraction for me, ever since I'd first glimpsed a studly Mr Albert Beckles in one of my dad's old muscle magazines.

This seasoned stud was camped out close to the deep blue water, while I'd pitched my towel and trunks close to the brown and green men's washroom/changeroom. Waiting impatiently for the Nubian god's bladder to reach maximum capacity. I was flat on my stomach, chin resting in my skinny arms, eyes full of that wicked eclipse of man, ready, quivering to spring up and beat him into the glory shack.

Maybe the 100 degree heat and 7.5 UV index had gone to my swimming head, but this time I really meant to do something lewd inside the man-shelter – finally make a move. Advance from ogling mature men's hard, chiselled buttocks, sneaking peeks at their low-slung, veiny pipes, to actually engaging them – filling my palms with taut cheek, my mouth with thrashing tongue, my virgin bumhole with a thick-cut slab of meat. I was going to take that burning hunk's liquorice stick down my throat and suck like low tide, then jump to my feet and claw my cheeks apart and demand that the man of experience split my lily-white ass in two with his blue-black axe!

Or so I told myself. As I surreptitiously humped the sand with my hard-on, dreamily eyeing the oiled, elder muscleman. But I'd told myself exactly the same thing with similar beach daddies all week long. Using the occasion of the week after my 18th birthday to attempt to progress on my personal journey to flaming gaydom.

So far, I'd barely moved an inch. Other than truly admitting to myself that no amount of staring at my father's obviously laid-out skin mags was ever going to steer me straight. I'd staked out the men's washroom/changeroom that had a reputation (so the newspaper said) of being a meet/meat market every day for the past four, and other than glimpsing a few flashes of shrivelled prick at the urinals, gotten nothing more than a sunburn.

But this time, it was going to be …

He was on his feet, that noir dude with the muscled, tricked-out body. And I sprang to mine, racing for the plywood and fibreglass man-hut like I'd just downed a keg of icy cold courage. I jerked my head around when I reached the concrete apron, and saw the big man wading slow and steady through the sea of sand, neon-red Speedo mouth-wateringly bulged out at the front, a black velvet colossus with a need to pee.

I zipped inside. Then grabbed onto the cool white porcelain of a sink and stared at myself in the shining mirror. The plumbing fixture shook in my hands, and I swear my sun-reddened face went pale, my straw-blond hair white. That's how ridiculously, justifiably nervous I was.

And then the monster of a man was in the room with me, and I almost wetted my trunks with something other than ocean. He glanced at me clinging to the sink like it was a life ring. Then ambled over to a urinal and turned his back, and ass, to me. I gaped in the mirror at those round, rock-hard cheeks bouldering out either side of his thong-like swimsuit. They clenched deliciously when he pulled his pee-gun out and sent a hot stream hissing against

the gleaming white porcelain.

I couldn't see his cock, but I could imagine – vividly. But I wanted, deeply desired to do more than imagine. At least cop a look.

So I swallowed the sand in my throat and tore my clammy hands off the sink, turned around like a man waist-deep in quicksand. My legs started moving, and I stalked over to the urinal next to the big guy stiff-legged as a clown on stilts.

He glanced at me, eyes large and brown, then back down at his business. I could feel the incendiary heat from his massive body so close, smell the sweat-musk of the manly man. My eyeballs rotated downward in their dried-out sockets – to see the biggest, darkest, most appealing length of penis I'd ever laid actual prying eyes on before. It was gleaming like the rest of him, an ebony pipe than even unerect required almost two hands to hold.

I stared, and stared. Until the muscle-popped hottie gave the snake a shake and eased it back into its Lycra lair. Then he looked over at my trunks – the front of which were tented to obvious and obscene proportions by the mesh-enclosed erection that he himself had inspired.

My face went redder than the guy's Speedo, and I fumbled with my swimsuit, making like I was willing and able to take a leak. Until he turned and walked away, and I heard a tap squeak, water start running. Then I breathed again, pulling out my iron rod and actually trying to bend it down to go to the bathroom. But no bodily fluid but the best kind was going to burst from my grown friend – not in the happy, swelled-up condition he was in.

So I stroked, from fuzzy base to mushroomed top in long, stretching, feel-good strokes. Hardly hearing the tap squeak shut and the water stop running, the pad of bare feet on concrete – coming towards me. I almost shot through the fibreglass roof of that public pleasure palace when a hand suddenly touched my shoulder.

'Need some help with that?' a voice caressed my ear, smooth and velvety as the hand on my bare shoulder. He rested his chin on my other trembling shoulder, his chocolate brown eyes on my exposed cock, his hard, hot, musky body kissing up against mine.

'I, uh, well, um …'

His hand slid off my shoulder and along my arm, under my arm and onto my chest, long, dark fingers capturing and squeezing one of my pointing pink buds, warm palm resting on my twitching pec. A wall of heat surged through my beanpole body like an erotic tsunami. This was actually happening! Not a fantasy, not another wet dream with a sticky ending; I was actually, really getting fondled by another man – a mammoth man with obviously plenty of hands-on manhandling experience.

I could barely wrap my shattered mind around it, as the dark daddy's other hand slid under my other arm, across my heaving chest, down my drum-tight stomach and onto my own hand still grasping my granite cock. 'Uh! Oh, my …' I articulated, rocketing to my tip-toes with a wonderful tingling sensation.

The big guy brushed my hand aside and took hold of my pole, and I swooned back against him in a daze. He started stroking up and down my hardened length with his huge, hot hand, and I had an out-of-body experience, I was flying so high. On fluffy, blissful white clouds of joy.

He gently pinched and rolled my buzzing nipples with his other hand, kissing my neck, biting into my earlobe, sticking his kitten-pink tongue into my blood-reddened ear and swirling, and swirling. Stroking and swirling. It was so right, so real, so wickedly …

'You're not a cop, are you?' His hand motions stopped, sending me crashing back down to earth.

'Huh? Me? A … cop?' I shook my bleary head, desperately praying to the great Greek

gods that this wasn't somehow the end of our encounter.

'Hmmm, I heard they were cracking down on this place.'

I felt the warmth of his smile, his hands moving on my throbbing cock and chest again; the hardwood log that was his own prick pressing in between my quivering cheeks. And I was airborne again.

He licked my neck with his warm, wet tongue, bit into my shoulder with his sharp, white teeth, his soft, bulbed fingertips rubbing my stomach and chest and achingly-hard nipples. Setting my shimmering skin ablaze. His strong hand pulling on my pulsating prick so slow and sure and sensual burning me down to the core.

I gulped, gasped, the seed bubbling, boiling out of control in my tightened sac, the tug of his mighty hand just too powerful to resist for too long. My body jerked and my brain went sailing, white-hot come blasting out of my man-pumped cock and splashing against the urinal, over and over and over.

I grunted and groaned like the feverish first-timer I was, bouncing off the big guy's unbending body, blowing my rocks off like never before. He hand-drained me of every last ounce of manly pleasure. Until I sagged back against him, as limp and wrung out as my noodled penis.

'Guess you're not a cop, huh?' the mature muscle-stud with the knowing hands breathed in my ear.

He gave my cock one last affectionate tug, squeezing a final teardrop of come from my slit, and then he was gone. Leaving me clinging to that porcelain piss-tank like it was a lifebuoy, my mind and body at sea.

I just couldn't leave it there, however. I'd had my first sweet and salty taste of man-love and I wanted more, and more. I was a true believer now, ablaze with fervour. So after my heads had cleared and the bones in my body had re-solidified, I rushed out of the men's washroom/changeroom just in time to see my ebony prince saddle up in a pearl-white Corvette in the parking lot. I jumped into my own flame-painted Fiesta and took off after him, like a hound dog takes after a silver fox. I tailed him to his house – where he changed – and then to his workplace.

And then I spent the next two breathless days researching all the intimate details on "Donald Jefferson" that I could Google and microfiche. And the next three sweaty days and nights after that mapping out a personal plan of action; and, most importantly, screwing up the courage to actually implement it.

Getting into his workplace wasn't that difficult. But I did have to duck a couple of suspicious characters in order to make it into the "employees only" washroom in the bowels of the building. I wanted our reunion to be just as full of polished porcelain as our first erotic engagement had been.

And after an hour of squatting on a black-lidded toilet in a black-walled stall, surreptitiously popping my head up like an overeager gopher and anxiously eyeing everyone who entered, I finally ogled the magnificent man himself. 'Hello … Officer Jefferson,' I chimed from my lookout.

His hands froze on the taps, and he stared at my grinning reflection in the spotless mirror. Then he slowly turned around, looking absolutely resplendent in the dark blue uniform he was filling to every seam, the silver badge on his broad chest twinkling like my eyes.

'Busted,' he growled.

Then he strode over to my stall and kicked the door open.

I staggered back on the toilet top, suddenly unsure what was going to happen. It's risky business calling a man out – on-duty – letting him know that you knew he'd been doing

anything but his duty when you'd first come into contact with him. Mind you, police brutality held as much promise for me right then in my hyped-up condition as did the prospect of being protected and served.

And … it was officer down!

Donald grabbed my belt and roughly unfastened and unzipped me, yanked my jeans and Jockeys down without even first reading me my rights. My collapsible baton sprang out into his face and he took it into the wet-hot cauldron of his mouth without so much as a warning. The walls of the cop shop stall almost came tumbling down right on top of us, I was jolted so hard.

He engulfed my bloated pink cap with his bloated purple lips and tugged on it, his thick tongue darting out and scouring my straining shaft. It was almost too much to believe possible – virgin to boy-toy in under one week!

The salt and pepper haired hunk earnestly tugged on my glistening knob. Before briefly popping it out of his mouth to say, 'Keep your eyes peeled for fuzz.' Then popping it back into his wicked mouth and picking up sucking right where he'd left off.

I shot a glance at the black door to our porcelain paradise, my body and brain crackling with sexual electricity. Then I refocused my spinning eyes back down on the man and my member. Just as he gripped my hips and dive-bombed my prick, swallowing me down to the sack.

'Code fucking blue!' I hollered, bucking with joy.

My knuckles went white on the stall, my face red as a cherry top, my body shaking like I'd been Tasered. As I desperately stared down at Donald's upturned eyes, his flared nostrils, his lips pressing into my blond pubes, his mouth and throat locking me down in the softest, wettest, hottest prison in the world. I never wanted to go free.

But Officer Jefferson slowly pulled back on the pressure, releasing my pent-up pipe in dripping, dizzying increments, making my eyes and spine pop. And when he had just the meaty head between his dazzling white teeth, he bit in, and I felt the erotic shock all the way from the tip of my hi-tops to the top of my faux-hawk.

He swallowed me down again. Pulled back up again. Deep-throating my raging prong with the greatest of ease and impact; the guy's man-eating technique obviously field-tested to perfection. But my man-taking it technique wasn't. I was ready to blow!

Donald sensed it, like a true veteran. He pulled my boiling shaft out of his red velvet mouth and applied a chokehold just below the hood, slowing my flow. 'Time to get serious,' he gritted.

I wasn't sure just what the dude meant. But he showed me (always the best way to learn!), leading me by the throbbing wet cock off my toilet perch and out of the stall and over to a sink. 'Assume the position,' he grunted.

I grabbed onto the cool porcelain with my clammy hands, spread my liquid legs. I knew what, and who, was coming now – just not how hard.

Donald strolled over to the door and locked it. Then ambled in behind me, staring at my anxious face in the mirror. He loosened his gunbelt, and it, along with his blue dress pants, crashed down to the black and white tiled floor. I swallowed hard, and dry.

He slid his red briefs down. And that crowbar of a cock I'd glimpsed a week earlier, unerect, now rose up and pulsed hot and dangerous against my skinny white thigh, nightstick long and hard. I bit my lip, sweat peppering my burning face. Hammer time!

Donald pulled a tube of lube out of his shirt picket and shone up his snake, grinning at my gaping reflection. Then he slid his slippery digits in between my quivering butt cheeks and greased up my crack. I jumped at his warm, slick touch, almost pulling the sink out of

the wall.

His probing fingers trailed away from my ass and something soft and bulbous took their place, shoving up against my virgin opening – his shiny, blue-black cap. He gripped my waist with one hand and his gleaming liquorice stick with the other and drove his monster hood through my resisting ring and into my tight anus.

'Fuck … yeah!' I groaned, in relief and pleasure.

It didn't hurt at all. In fact, it was the best feeling in the world – that filling up with cock feeling – the bad cop/good cop's long, vein-ribboned steel sinking into my ass. Stuffing me to the point where I thought I'd explode, stretching my chute to the bursting point, flooding me with the warmest, weirdest, wildest tingling, shimmering sensation I'd ever experienced; my own cock an overblown length of numbed meat hanging from my electrified body.

Donald started pumping his hips, pumping my ass, slow and smooth and deep. Both hands gripping my waist now, fingernails biting into my flesh, quad-heavy ebony thighs banging against my jumping ivory cheeks, fucking faster, harder. Pole of a cock churning my chute and turning me molten liquid. My cherry hadn't been popped, it'd been obliterated!

I had no strength in my arms and legs, no will of my own; all the strength and will came from my mentor's pistoning cock, pounding and pounding into my very being. My butt was on fire, stoked to inferno by the big man's big poker.

He torqued up the tempo to the frenzy point, rattling me and the sink, splitting my ass in two and sending me sailing. The sharp smack of his hard-rock body against my bloated bum blurred into one long, sustained thunderclap, my ecstatic mask of a face bouncing off the looking-glass.

I somehow tore a hand off the sink and grabbed onto my flapping cock. Just as Donald threw back his head and hollered, hips flying, cock plunging, my gloriously reamed ass flooding with hot, soothing salve. My own cock went off in my hand as soon as I touched it, soul-searing spurt after spurt of heated come splashing against the taps and into the sink, draining me of everything I had to offer.

He held me in his big, strong arms afterwards, strong cock still buried to the pube-pebbled balls in my blasted ass. 'How 'bout we hook-up in the men's room at *The Locker* this weekend? The place is a real cop hangout.'

I bobbed my head up and down, basking in the sweaty glow of my newfound manhood. Anxious for my man to ride me like a porcelain pony all over again.

Shadow Over Southdale

He thought no one was watching.

He thought wrong.

Stretched out on a white and blue striped lounger on his cedar deck, wearing a red tank top, white knee-length shorts and a pair of grey basketball shoes. Brown eyes, black hair cut close, a long, lean body glistening rich and dark as oil under the hot midday sun. He was 32 years old, a self-employed electrician, no visible scars or tattoos.

The book he was sometimes reading, sometimes not, was *Stiffen, by John Packer*. A tumbler of rum and coke sat on the round white metal table next to him – on the rocks.

He cast a furtive look to his left. There was a six-foot-high cedar fence enclosing the backyard of his two-bedroom bungalow. To the west, a line of elms and the sidewalk and the street; to the south, a stand of oaks and a city park; to the east (his left), a neighbouring home. Seeing no one about next door, he covered the crotch of his crossed legs with a big, long hand and applied some pressure to what lay beneath. The book and the sun and his third drink in the past hour getting to the guy.

He grabbed the significant bulge in his loose-fitting shorts and squeezed, and rubbed. Grimacing, teeth flashing white and even, eyes squinting.

'Nice day, huh?'

The guy next door, just stepped out onto his own deck to retrieve a blown-over table tray.

Leneal Thompson jumped like he'd been a little too careless with his own electricity. His right hand shooting up off the cable in his shorts and back onto his book. He cleared his throat. 'Y … Yeah! Just getting some sun – enjoying it!'

The neighbour didn't seem to notice the squeak in the man's normally deep voice. He picked up the table tray and waved and went back into his house.

Leaving Leneal all alone again. Or so Leneal thought. He waited 30 seconds, then set the book down on the outdoor table, took a stiff pull on his drink, and then eased out of the lounger and stepped off the deck and onto the grass.

He lay down on the grass at the east end of the 18-inch-high platform, close to the fence, hidden from view of his neighbour now. He squirmed forward and propped his big feet up on the deck, then arched his butt off the ground and pushed his shorts down. Kicked them off his court shoes, leaving himself brazenly bare below the waist, his cock and balls exposed to the sun and the air and his hands; and my eyes.

His dick was blue-black, with a big, fat cap and a thick, veined shaft, five inches long semi-erect. His balls were large and heavy-looking, pebbled with pubes. He spread his legs slightly apart and settled down comfortably on the grass and grabbed onto his cock with his right hand, his balls with his left. And groaned.

His knees shook, as he tilted his head up to look at his swelling cock, stroking it, playing with his balls. The snake growing longer and harder and thicker in his slender, swirling hand; stiffening, straightening, filling his shifting palm and encircling fingers.

A minute in, and it was nine inches long. A solid liquorice stick that was more than a handful for most men, gleaming under the unblinking sun, polished smooth and rigid by Leneal's stroking hand. He caressed it from tightened nut sac to shiny cap, tugging slow and long and sensual. His other hand squeezing and juggling his balls. His whole body quivering.

A Blue Jay landed right next to me. And ignored me, I had been there so long and so

quiet. Waiting for just such a moment as this. My own cock in my jeans was as hard as Leneal's, watching the man lovingly stroke his dong. But I didn't dare touch.

He took one last look around his fenced-in backyard, and spotting no one, pulled his hands off his genitals and pulled his tank top up and off and away. Leaving himself fully naked, except for his shoes. His chest was smooth, nipples an even darker hue than the rest of him, engorged and jutting.

He re-gripped his cock and began stroking again, pinching and rolling his nipples with the nimble fingers of his left hand now. On his bare back on the soft, green grass, legs up on the deck, sun dousing his body, hands working.

'Fuck!' he grunted, jacking harder, fisting the length of his night-shaded cock. Rolling his head around on the grass and pulling his rigid nipples almost right off his chest.

Then both of his hands were on his donkey-dong, wantonly tugging, stretching the skin and twisting the cap, balls popping. He arched his butt higher off the ground, his legs and feet scrambling on the wooden deck. Staring at that huge cock he was urgently double-fisting, pointing, aiming the gaping slit at his gaping mouth, his pink tongue outstretched and curling.

'Jesus!' he groaned, arching, pulling, shaking. His left hand flew off his cock and around and under his hips, fingers digging into his clenched asshole. His right hand moving in hard, precise, piston-like strokes, base to hood.

We both jerked, as sperm shot out of the gleaming tip of Leneal's hand-cranked cock. A long, blazing-white rope of semen that landed with a splash on his upper lip and hanging tongue, in his wide-open mouth. Another rope of come sailed out, landed the same. And another and another. Leneal's tensed body jerking with every heated blast, his tongue getting striped with clean thick come, then washing his coated lips, throat working urgently to swallow it all down.

Until, finally, he could only desperately pull the jizz as far as his chest, then his stomach. The seventh shot barely making his bellybutton, his hand and cock and body jumping as one.

I let out my breath. As Leneal crashed back down onto the grass, his big hand on his huge cock not moving any more, just squeezing. A last drop of pure white semen surged up and clogged his slit, as his long tall body shuddered with the sweet aftershocks of all-out orgasm.

He lay completely spent on the grass for a good three minutes afterwards. Feet still propped up on the deck, body dewy with sweat, lips slick with semen, cock limp and long as a boiled eggplant.

But I was just getting started. Because after the dong-heavy man finally gathered up enough strength to gather himself up, climb back into his clothes and stagger back into his house, I waited two minutes more and then climbed down from the 20-foot-high branch of the large oak tree that bordered the back of his fence. I hardly rustled a leaf, swiftly descending and jogging back to my own home two bays away from Leneal's in the Southdale subdivision.

There I used my photographic memory to graphically recreate the scorching scene, soaking in a warm tub of suds. I stroked and rolled and finger-pumped just as hard as luscious Leneal. And what I couldn't match in propulsion and trajectory, I matched in passion and intensity.

The following Saturday evening, I was in the Klingman's back yard, eye to a knothole in one of the planks of their eight-foot-high white picket fence. Their property was half-a-mile over from mine in the Southdale subdivision, their backyard guarded by a dilapidated

Beware of Dog sign and a rusty lock on the gate of the fence. They were away for the weekend at their cottage on Beaston Lake two hours north of the city.

Next door to them, though, were Manny Quintero and Phil Jessup, home and very active. Manny was an accountant at a car dealership, Phil a city employee. They owned an old, three-story, lime green-painted house with a rectangular swimming pool in the backyard. Phil was sitting on the edge of that pool at the far end, legs dangling in the lighted water; Manny dangling in between his legs in the deep end.

The small male Hispanic, black on brown, was clutching Phil's splayed thighs and kissing the bulging spandex crotch of Phil's flaming red bikini trunks. The tattoos on Manny's bunched shoulders glistened with water like the rest of his bronzed upper body, his skinny, braided ponytail trailing down his bare back, body and head bobbing in the chlorinated water.

Phil leaned back on his hands and groaned, pale skin glowing in the moonlight and stringed lantern lights; except for his chest, which was covered with thick whorls of brown hair. He was a six-footer, lean, with blue eyes and a bald head, pink nipples that I could still make out quite clearly thanks to my 20/10 vision, despite the fur on the man's chest. His thin body spasmed when Manny's lips hit an especially sweet spot.

The knothole was big enough for one eye, and that was it. And that was all I needed. It was four feet up on the whitewashed 1x6, so I had to bend down a bit, legs back and apart, one hand gripping the cross beam, one hand on the nearest post. It wasn't the most comfortable of viewing positions, but it wasn't the most uncomfortable I'd ever been in either, not by a long shot.

My cock went hard as that treated wood, as I watched Manny grip Phil's skimpy trunks and slide them off and let them float away. Then rain down some more wet kisses – right on Phil's big, bare, twitching prick.

'Gettin' a good eyeful, pervert!'

I didn't move my glaring orb from the knothole. Phil had his hands on Manny's damp, moving head now, the little guy in the water sucking some serious cock. 'Why don't you go bust someone for parking too close to the curb, Biltmore?'

That startled him. 'What!? How'd you know it was me?'

Phil tilted his head back, his pecs jumping and arms shaking, fingers clutching Manny's shiny black hair. The waterlogged guy's head moving faster back and forth, his fingernails biting into Phil's thighs. 'It was either an elephant trampling through the grass, or you.'

'Cocky sonofabitch, ain't you, Hauer!'

Manny's shunting head blocked Phil's cock from my view, but I could well-imagine the heated suction, those red lips sealed tight around Phil's veiny shaft, sucking hard and long and fast, tongue cushioning and stroking. Phil's urgent moans and groans attested to the erotic strength of his lover's technique.

'I got you dead to rights, Hauer,' Biltmore droned on. 'Peeping, uh, tommery. First degree invasion of privacy.'

Phil was just about pulling Manny's hair out, the floating man's head flying. He shot his hands up and grabbed onto Phil's clenched pecs and squeezed, pinched the man's nipples; sucking and sucking and sucking.

'Well?' Biltmore shoved me up against the fence, almost popping my eyeball right through the peephole. 'I'm making a citizen's arrest!' he declared, pinning me by the scruff of the neck and grabbing onto my right wrist.

I easily spun out of his sweaty grasp, anxious that his bellicose belligerence didn't frighten off the lover boys next door.

‘Wanna play tough, huh!’ he growled, wiping his nose with the back of a paw.

He went through a series of what I assume he thought were intimidating karate moves. Straight out of the Steven Seagal movie catalogue – when he’d gotten old and fat and slow and direct-to-video.

And when Biltmore floated a right chop at my neck, I bent at the waist and pivoted, sent a short left winging into his liver. He collapsed like a deflated balloon.

Cole Biltmore, age 35, blue eyes and crewcut red hair already going grey. Big and bulky, ex-Marine, ex-deputy sheriff, ex-security guard; three ex-wives in the last ten years. Neighbourhood block cop, and bully.

‘You fuckin’-’ he gasped from his knees. Until I shot a short right to his left temple, and he kissed Kentucky bluegrass with an ‘Unh!’

I stuck my eye back into the knothole. The playful pair next door hadn’t heard a thing. In fact, while Biltmore and I had been dancing, they’d taken their sexy shenanigans to the next level. Out of the water now and on the pool edge, Phil laid out flat on his back, Manny laid out over top of the guy, a hard cock in each man’s sucking mouth. Wickedly 69ing in plain sight of my prying, spying eye.

I gripped the beam and the post so hard I almost drew splinters, lashes brushing the wood. As Phil gripped Manny’s taut, golden butt cheeks and craned his neck up and down, sucking hard and tight on the man’s hanging, bronze cock. Manny reciprocating in kind, gripping Phil’s thighs and dive-bombing the guy’s tall cock – face dropping all the way down into pubes and balls before pulling way back up again, pink pipe gliding out of throat and mouth and glistening in the subdued lighting.

I felt a fat, moist hand on my right calf, another crawl up my left leg and ooze into the waistband of my shorts. ‘Sten, please …’

I didn’t waste precious peeping time looking back at the grovelling man. Just unbuckled my shorts and popped them open, let Biltmore drag them down. His lips came hot and wet on my bare ass, a sweaty hand reaching in between my legs and grasping my rigid cock.

Manny had wrapped his own little hand around Phil’s cock at the furry base, was quick-tugging on Phil’s mushroomed hood and swollen shaft with his full-bodied lips. Phil slithering a pair of fingers into Manny’s asshole and pumping away, sucking hard on the man’s golden prick.

‘I … I’ve … wanted to … for a long time,’ Biltmore mumbled behind me. On his feet now, his Wisteria Lane stud act gone with the rest of his dignity. Like I knew he liked it.

He jammed his sausage fingers in between my cheeks and greased my crack with cool lube. Then replaced fingers with cockhead, awkwardly stuffing his stubby dick into my asshole. I thrust back as he stumbled forward, and his soft thighs splashed against my hard cheeks, his cock sliding deep inside my ass.

‘Oh, fuck yeah, Sten! Thanks, Sten!’ he bellowed too loud for my liking. Digging his uncut fingernails into my waist and pumping his heavy hips, churning his cock back and forth in my chute.

Manny and Phil were too far gone – too far into and full of each other – to hear or see anything or anyone else now, fortunately. Even with the white picket fence creaking and swaying in broken rhythm to Biltmore’s excited humping. They were sucking furiously on each other’s pricks, heads bobbing and lips tugging, mouths wet-vaccing. The heat and the pressure building and building.

Manny was the first to let loose, groaning around Phil’s cock, lips writhing and spit spilling onto shaft and groin, his buttocks quivering. Phil swallowing as fast as he could, snot boiling out of his nostrils and semen out of the corners of his mouth.

‘Fuck, Sten! I’m gonna come, Sten!’ Biltmore wailed by way of advertisement to the entire neighbourhood. Banging me almost right through the fence, his flabby thighs and belly smacking against my ass, cock surging. Then spurting away, hot semen pump-spraying my chute.

Just as hot semen sprayed out the tip of Phil’s jacked-up cock. Manny unmouthing the squirming man and rigorously jerking Phil to orgasm, his wide-open mouth just above the spunk-shooting slit to take it all in. Phil still swallowing and sucking, milking Manny dry.

‘I saw you up in that tree,’ Biltmore crowed afterwards. ‘And on the roof of Sid Goren’s garage. And in the Amundsen kid’s playhouse. I been trackin’ you, Hauer.’ I dusted off my hands and pulled up my shorts, not bothering to inform the big lug that I’d been easily aware of the fact he’d been trailing after me like an ox-in-heat; that I’d been impatiently waiting for him to finally make his move.

My job is high-tech, long-range surveillance, after all. My pleasure: low-tech, close-range voyeurism. And I’m an expert at both.

False Fronts

I pushed him up against the dusty wall of the alley, knocked his fedora flying, bent my konk down and plowed into his pouty lips. He was small and slender enough to throw over my shoulder and take home for a real thorough reaming, the kind the economy was giving the country in these dirty 30s. But the heat was on, and I just couldn't wait.

I chewed on the guy's lips, poured tongue down his gaping kisser. His big, brown eyes gleamed like gems in the darkness, his boyish figure trembling under my onslaught.

I'd met him in the dive next door – *Sailor's*, a popular hangout for the Hollywood twilight sex crowd. I'd bought him a beer and myself a fourth, a ticket for two to glory alley. The slim, smooth, effeminate ones have a way of really getting under my foreskin.

He'd said his name was Lavinder Folles, that he was a movie extra. The moniker sounded phony as his trade. But I'd let it pass, cracking, 'Looking for a good part? I got one.' And now I was getting the lovely with the short, slicked-back brown hair intimately acquainted with it – pressing hard rod into soft belly.

We swirled our tongues together, his quick and darting like a Dempsey jab, mine heavy and thrashing as the Wild Bull of the Pampas. He shot a hand down in between my spraddled legs and cupped my balls through the gabardine and cotton. A hot shiver of delight showered all through my muscled torso. I sucked on his soft, wet tongue, urging him on.

But he suddenly clamped down on my nuts tight enough to crack 'em. I pulled my teeth out of his tongue and rasped, 'Easy, baby. I'm gonna need those marbles in a second.'

'I need them right now,' he responded, voice squeaky-throaty like Jimmie Noone's liquorice stick. I could almost taste the fuzz on his sac.

'I want to hire you,' he went on.

'Huh? What I'm givin' is strictly on the house, sweet cheeks.'

He squirmed out of my mitts. 'You're Dick Polk, aren't you? Private investigator?'

I groaned. Then slowly bobbed my coconut, cock sagging like the "Land" in "Hollywoodland" as he launched into his spiel.

The missing heel was Tex Rodeo (aka Dagskiell Goodmunderson), a fellow bit-part shadow player who'd stolen Lavinder's heart – 500 dollars cash, a pet snake, and "Grandma's pearl". Tex had been in abscondia for a month now, and Lavinder wanted the man found, his property returned and heart healed.

He provided me some sketchy details about his short-time, short-change lover, an 8x10 glossy with more creases in it than the San Andreas fault line, and a vague listing of where the short, black-haired, blue-eyed, pencil-mustached dandy liked to hang out. Then Lavinder made a small cash advance on my services, a promise of payment in full with a rousing conclusion to our sweaty alley tussle. Work and sex weren't so easy to find in the summer of '32, so I agreed to look into his matter.

I didn't waste any shoe leather or tongue spit checking out Tex's known hangouts, however. They were all the usual huddling places for the masses of struggling actors: drugstore soda jerk counters, the front gates of Paramount, the back doors of Poverty Row. A wanted man doesn't hide in plain sight, even a ham.

Instead, I hopped in my heap the next morning and dodged downtown traffic like Cobb dodged beanballs in batting practice. I slid safely to the curb in front of "Tub" Belli's talent agency and pimp shop at the corner of Figueroa and Pico. Then I pushed open the taped-

glass door and trotted up a set of wooden stairs many a desperate thespian had used to walk the plank on their dignity.

'Shure, shweetheart, he's the perfect guy for ya,' Tub oiled into a candlestick. 'He'll do anything for a buck. Long as I get my dime.' He nodded into the receiver, then pronged it, chins wagging with mirth.

'Lookin' to make some easy money, Polk?' he wheezed, stuffing a hamburger in his craw. 'Big strong blond boy like you could make lotsa dough.' He didn't even bother to chew.

'I only bend over backwards for the ones I love,' I growled, tossing Tex's crumpled physiognomy down onto the slob's crumb-littered desk.

He licked the grease out of the corners of his gob with a forked tongue, grinded, 'Tex Rodeo. So what?'

'What'd you know about him?'

Tub folded his sausage digits together like they were in church, waited patiently for the collection plate to be filled.

I dumped a ten-spot down on his desk.

He salted the geetus away in a watch pocket quicker than a blackjack dealer. 'He's queer as Confederate currency. Played "man in purple toga" in DeMille's last sand and sandal epic, "Oasis Are Aces". That's Izzy DeMille – no relation.'

'What's he been up to lately?'

More asthmatic waiting. Another ten hit the deck.

'No acting jobs in the last month – in or out of the studios.'

I grunted, threw a third tenner into Tub's sty. 'Does the boy have any other talents?'

'Fancies himself a long-distance hoofer – marathon dancer.' The fat man batted me a flatulent wink. 'Got no stamina – from what I seen.'

There were two dance marathons running in the county of Los Angeles just then – one out on the pier at Long Beach, one at the Civic Pavilion in Glendale. The track meet in Glendale was nearing a merciful end, only six semi-conscious contestants left, none of the men wearing Tex's mug. The shuffle on the Pier was about halfway over (494 hours in, and counting). There were 19 couples swaying to a sleepy afternoon crowd of flies and sadists, the stench of stale sweat and popcorn hanging like a pall over the proceedings, a fifth-rate band doing nothing to freshen things up.

A small guy with blond hair gone suspiciously dark at the roots and a pale upper lip immediately caught my eye. He was wearing sunglasses, like he was loafing around Chaplin's pool, and the weak chin I was after. A redhead with a small front and a large rear was clinging to him, allowing herself to be dragged around the parquet.

I registered as a sponsor – *Phil's Plumbing; We're No Four-Flushers* – and got the greasy MC to introduce me to my favourite couple.

'You interested in sponsoring us, Mister?' Blondie asked, working over a wad of chewing gum like Burleigh Grimes worked over a spitball.

'Yeah. How'd you kids like some new shoes, maybe a couple of nice shirts with *Phil's Plumbing* on the back?'

'We can wear 'em to formals, huh?' the guy jawed.

'Well … I could give you other things, too.' I delivered that slippery pitch strictly to Blondie. 'I've really taken quite a shine to you.'

He gave me the overall eyeball, then Red the brush. We adjourned to the men's room to discuss details.

I shoved him up against an enamelled wall and planted a hand between his gams, getting

a feel for the situation. 'Play ball with me, pal,' I breathed into his pan, 'and maybe I'll put in a good word for you with this movie producer friend of mine, see.'

I yanked the shades off his clock. He was staring at me with a pair of frightened green glims that signalled anything but "Go". I was mauling a dick limp as the garden salad in the lunchroom buffet.

'You some kinda nut or something!' he squealed. He slithered out of my grasp and fox trotted for the exit sign, barrelling over his dance partner who'd been crowding the crack in the door.

I helped her up, set fire to a gasper and took a contemplative puff.

'You really have a friend who's a film producer?' Red asked, making no move to vacate the manly premises.

'Sure.'

Her blue eyes flickered. And then she peeled off the red wig, revealing short, black hair; dropped the baggy skirt and bloomers, giving me a gander at the cock taped to her inner thigh. Even soft, it beat most guy's hard.

'Yimminy-yamminy,' I gibbered, my smoke tumbling out of my kisser as the man-in-disguise took my meat-hook and placed it squarely on the inches of schlong. It was as real as LA City Hall. I'd found Tex Rodeo.

I petted his pulsing appendage. 'Lavinder Folles' pet snake, I presume? So where's the gelt, Tex – and "Grandma's pearl"?'

He swung at me. His toy fist dusted my square jaw without so much as a tinkle. I squeezed the cockiness out of him.

'"Grandma's pearl" is a pearl-handled revolver I took from Lavinder!' he gasped. 'I only took it 'cause she would've killed me otherwise. She's nuttier than a Blue Diamond plantation, I tell you!'

'She!' It was my turn to gasp. And consider the possibility of installing a personal two-beer maximum at *Sailor's*.

'That's right, Polk,' someone sneered from the doorway.

It was Lavinder Folles, a bob in her brown hair now, boyish face decorated with make-up, boyish figure with a flapper dress. She'd snatched Tex's purse up off the floor, a pearl-handled revolver out of the purse. She was pointing the pill dispenser straight at Tex's dong. It was a target too large to miss.

I moved my hand away from the crux of the issue, stalled, 'How'd you two ever get hooked up? You're no ladies' man, Tex.' It was almost funny saying that, what with the rouge, mascara, and lipstick adorning the guy's mug. But no one was busting a gut that I noticed.

'Tub Belli! ' Tex spat it out, his eyes focused on the gat aimed at his rod.

'You … you tricked me!' Lavinder shrilled, the little gun jumping around in her dainty hand like a dame's mood. 'You … you pervert!'

She squeezed the trigger. Just as Tex screamed. Just as a siren wailed calling the dancers back to the floor. Just as I uppercut my blade of a left hand into Lavinder's right wrist. Plaster rained down on our sorry parade.

I twisted the smoking heater out of the girl's hand and heaved it through a glazed window, out into the Pacific Ocean. She burst into tears and raced out of the bathroom and away with my expense money.

'You saved my life,' Tex exhaled. He grasped one of my dukes like he was going to shake it, but found a better use for it – cradling his Texas-sized longhorn again.

I looked down into his misty eyes, his cock hardening under my caressing mitt, growing

even longer. I ripped the tape away, and we both watched his erection slowly rise up and hover in the air like a giant hooded cobra.

He was slim and small and sleek – just like I like 'em; with a poker as long and bumpy as Lindy's oceanflight – just like I love 'em. I bowed down to the twitching ruler, planting my kneecaps in the black and white tile and covetously grasping his staff, stroking.

'That's the way, big man,' he groaned, digging his manicured nails into my hair.

The thing was alive in my hand, pulsing like my heart. I covered every inch of its heated, vein-ribboned surface with my palm, gripping tight, downy-furred sac with my other hand, squeezing the beans as I polished the pork.

Tex danced around on the end of his skin flute to my rapturous tune. And I put some voice into my song of the south of the border, bumping my tongue-tip into his yawning slit, flicking up a glistening tear of precome and swallowing.

He clawed at my scalp. I swirled my fat sticker all around his gearshift bulb, painting his hood in the warm, wet colours of my saliva. Then I took the beefy cap into my mouth and sucked on it.

'Heavens, yes!' Tex moaned, delivering the right dialogue on cue.

It was a man-sized job, but I was up for it, lip-inching more and more of his prodigious pecker into the steamy confines of my mouth. I gulped meat with the gusto of Charles Laughton, inhaling Tex to the halfway point, the three-quarter pole, the high-water mark on the back of my throat. His cock crowded my mouth, packed my throat, the man's night-shaded pubes rustling with the gusts of hot, humid air flowing from my flared nostrils.

I locked him down in total tightness, then total silence. Sweat trickled down my reddened mug, poured down his. Seagulls squawked far off over the ocean, the band played on, waves lapping at the pier. He stared wildly down at me, his body vibrating out-of-control, consumed by the cauldron of my maw.

And just before the Big One rolled through him like turn-of-the-century San Francisco, I freed his snake, disgorging him to the hood in a gush of pent-up saliva and breath. But before he could fully regain his sexual equilibrium, I was on him again, sucking on his trouser truncheon.

I moved my dome back and forth, gliding my lips over his member, polishing marbled shaft with my wagging tongue. I hard-sucked the man's monster cock slow and sure, like oil was being sucked out of the ground at Signal Hill.

And right before I struck rubbery orgasm, I pulled all the way back this time. Leaving Tex's fly-buster hanging there, dripping and quivering in mid-air like a big, begging question mark. 'I want it up the ass,' I answered.

I climbed to my feet and crushed the little big man in my arms, kissing him heavy and hungry. His cock bounded up between my legs and banged against my crotch, shaking me with delight. I sucked the living breath out of him for a second time, making a meal of his lips before cramming his mouth full of tongue like he'd crammed mine full of cock.

He moaned, flailing feebly at my roiling tongue. I tore his blouse open, his brassiere away. His nipples were perfect pink pearls, and I swallowed them up, sucked on them, my big, sweaty paws mauling the smooth, tender flesh of his chest. He whimpered, trembled, as I bit hard into his buds, twirled my tongue all around his pebbled aureoles, the pair of us on fire.

Finally, leaving his chest slick and heaving, I dropped my pants and drawers faster than Dietrich. I went down on to all-fours on the tiles this time, presenting ripe, round, blond-dusted rump to the man with the foot-long, urging him to take the full measure of this man.

He pulled a vial of petroleum jelly out of his purse and greased up his cock, my crack.

‘Fuck my ass!’ I snarled impatiently.

My own dick was harder than the times, and I excitedly pulled on it, as Tex butt-ended me with his knob. The pressure built, my lungs billowing, hand jacking. And then he split my pucker, ram-rodded inside me. His club muscled in smooth and sweet and forever, filling me to the rim, plugging me full of a wicked, tingling heat that left me dizzy, gasping.

‘F … fuck me!’ I garbled, wagging my cock-stuffed and stretched behind.

He tightened his grip on my waist and started shifting back and forth in my chute, rubbing me just the right way. He thrust harder, faster, fingers digging into my flesh, pounder pumping into my bowels. He splashed up against my rippling butt cheeks in a frenzy, his pole breaking new ground in my anus, the annals of my bottom-dwelling joy.

I fumbled with a flapping cock gone numb, burning with a sensual, overfull sensation that suffused my body and set my head to spinning, stars shooting in front of my eyes. My blasted ass expanded beyond all erotic dimensions, and I cried, ‘Fuck, I’m gonna come!’

‘I’m coming in your ass, big man!’ Tex bleated, hammering my battered backdoor.

Thick, rich ropes of semen leaped out of my jumping cock, my body and soul searing with ecstasy. Tex wailed a strangled lust note and doused my bowels with white-hot come, the savage ass-fucking sending the both of us sailing.

I wasn’t walking right for a week, Tex cornholing me night and day like an Iowa farm field. And when I finally admitted I actually didn’t have a friend in the flicker biz, he fed me another week of walking funny, thumping an indignant size-nine into my groin. Those little guys can pack a wallop. Just like Hollywood facades are packed with false promise.

Stickhandling

Matt dove onto the bed closest to the door. ‘This one’s mine, buddy-boy!’ he yelped.

I stacked my bag of hockey equipment on top of his and said, ‘Whatever.’ Matt and I had roomed together for the entire tournament, but this would be the last time; we’d snagged third place in the hockey tourney in the afternoon and were flying back to the States the following morning – and from there we’d disperse to our various college teams in the northern US. Tonight, therefore, was my last chance to put the moves on the fast-skating, hard-checking puck hunk – to deke around his macho defences and slide the rubber into his reverse five hole, bulge his twine, so to speak.

He stretched out, folded his arms behind his head, and looked at me. ‘So, dude, what shall we do tonight?’ He glanced at his watch. ‘It’s only … holy shit, it’s only four o’clock! We got tons of time to party before curfew.’

I dragged a chair in front of the TV, grabbed the shoebox-sized remote off the top of the set, and plunked my ass down in front of the 13-inch screen. ‘You still haven’t adjusted your timepiece to Swedish time, like I told you to do the first day we got here, brainiac. It’s six hours later than the States – ten o’clock.’

He hopped off his bed, belly-flopped onto mine. ‘You serious? I knew I kept you around for a reason,’ he laughed, then sat up and slapped me on the shoulder. ‘OK, dude, commence pointing and clicking. We’ll watch some TV before lights-out.’

I looked at him for a moment, looked at his big hand where it lingered all warm and hard on my shoulder, warming and hardening my own appendages. Matt is my age – 18 – but that’s where the physical similarities end. I’m tall and lean and dark-haired, with pale skin and blue eyes – a finesse-type player. Matt, on the other hand, is short and thick and strong, with golden-brown skin, blond hair, and hazel eyes – a banger and a grinder, but a talented stickhandler nonetheless. And after countless shower rooms, dressing rooms, training rooms, and hotel rooms during the course of the two-week hockey event held all over Sweden, I felt like I knew every nook and cranny of the hunky guy, and could anticipate every move he was going to make – both on and off the ice.

‘You just want to watch TV?’ I asked, staring at him hopefully, trying to transmit a lusty message from my brain to his.

He glanced at my beaming eyes and said, ‘Course, dude. What else?’ The differing European electrical system had obviously screwed up my All-American vibe. He snatched the remote out of my hand and powered on the TV.

‘OK,’ I shrugged. ‘Guess I might as well get comfortable, then.’ I stripped off my shirt and shoes, leaving only a loose pair of knee-length shorts between him and my wicked, curved blade. ‘It’s hot in here, huh?’

‘Mmmm,’ he mumbled, impatiently waiting for a picture to materialise. When it finally did, he started briskly flipping channels, showing off the lightning-quick reflexes that had netted him five goals and three fighting majors during the tournament.

‘Doesn’t look like there’s much on,’ I remarked, edging my chair closer to where he sat on the edge of the bed.

‘Yeah, it is hot in here, dude,’ he replied belatedly, and shucked off his duds till he was wearing nothing more than the tight white briefs that he slept in.

I ogled his smooth, buff body. His thighs were thick and muscular, like mine, from endless hours of skating, and his pipes were bulging with muscle, as well. His abs were

chiselled, his hairless pecs two rounded mounds that were bigger than some girls' tits, and his nipples were large and brown and succulent-looking. My open mouth almost watered my chin as I eye-fucked the sculpted stud.

'This piece of crap only gets four channels,' he complained. 'What say we check out some of the in-house adult offerings, eh dude?'

I reeled my eyeballs back in from the pleasant lump in his Jockeys and said, 'Sure, whatever.'

He spent the next five minutes trying to figure out how to access the triple X channels, and then, when he finally did, he tuned into one previewing a no-holds-barred man-on-man movie. Yes! I thought, grateful that the Swedish people were so open-minded. Two studs, one black, one white, were frantically frenching each other like their tongues were on fire. And when the camera panned back from their pretty faces, we could see that they were standing in the middle of a boxing ring, and the gloves, like the rest of their clothing, were off. They were both well-built dudes, and they both had a hold of each other's long, thick, gorgeous cocks.

'Holy shit!' Matt yelled, laughing his head off. 'Anything goes around these parts, huh?' 'Viking power …' I murmured, my eyes glued to the red-hot tube. The black guy kissed and licked the white guy's neck, then dropped to his knees on the canvas and began to work-over his buddy's rock-hard cock with his loving hands. He stroked dick and bounced balls while the white man jumped and groaned, muttered something Scandinavian yet universal.

'You don't wanna watch this, do you?' someone asked from far away.

'Huh? I, um …' The hard-bodied ebony god jabbed out his ultra-pink tongue and sucker-punched the bloated head of the ivory god's cock.

'Hey, dude, don't tell me you're into this stuff?' a vaguely familiar voice said.

The kneeling black beauty caught his muscular friend's swollen dickhead in his hungry mouth and started sucking, popping the handsome, purple cock-top in and out of his crimson mouth, lightly clipping it with his dazzling white teeth. He stroked the gasping guy's giant rod, swirling his dark hand up and down the huge, pink hard-on, while he sucked and bit and tongue-slapped the clean-cut hood.

My languid thoughts slowly drifted back into focus. 'What? No … I … I've never even seen junk like this before,' I stammered, lying big time. My hard-drive at college was littered with more gay porn clips than the floor of Jeff Stryker's barber's shop. 'I'm, um, just … you know, curious.'

'Well, I am into this stuff,' Matt stated frankly.

I watched the hunk on his knees suck the other hunk's nine-inch ring-post into his mouth, and then bob his shaved head up and down on it, get a good cock-sucking rhythm going, his cheeks billowing in and out like after a hard workout, his thick lips gliding easily back and forth on the glistening cock. And then I finally clued into what Matt had said, and jerked my head around to stare into his warm, sparkling eyes. 'You're into …' I began excitedly, then let my jaw hang open and my words fade away as I watched him stand up, pull down his briefs, and grab his awesome cock in his fist and start pumping.

'Yeah, I like dudes,' he explained nonchalantly, expertly tugging his hardened meat. 'Always have. Don't you?' He sat back down on the bed, and while he polished his long, wooden stick with one hand, he reached out and covered my thick shaft with his other hand. 'Feels to me like you do,' he said, grinning.

He leaned in and kissed me on the trembling, tingling lips. 'I've noticed how you've been watching me,' he breathed into my mouth, before replacing his words with his tongue –

parting my puffy lips with his slippery, pink spear and banging it up against my tongue. He rubbed my throbbing schlong while he erotically explored the damp interior of my agape mouth with his searching sex tool.

I could hardly believe what was happening! My own game plan was out the window now – he had connected first with a beautiful pass – but that hardly mattered. I grabbed his head and mashed my lips against his, frenched the hockey-crazed stud ferociously. Our joyful tongues danced together, slapped briskly against one another like two opposing stick blades at face-off. We frenched and frenched and frenched, painted each other's red, full-bodied lips with hot saliva, and then Matt slid his hand into my shorts and made skin-to-skin contact with my raging hard-on. His hot touch sent sexual shockwaves rippling through my body, my head spinning off into orbit. I was actually swapping spit and swiping tongue with my fellow puckhead while he fondled my dick! It was sporting heaven!

He pulled back, tugged his hand out of my shorts, and said, 'Stand up.'

I stood, and he gripped the sides of my shorts and pulled them down to my ankles. My seven-inch pecker pronged out and stood at rigid attention like the national anthem was being played.

'Now sit down and take it like a man,' he said.

I sat, and he got on his knees in between my legs and grabbed my straining prick and started stroking. 'Fuck, yeah,' I groaned, as he pumped my engorged dong with his big, sure hand. I held onto the bed and stared fiercely at him, at his handiwork, at the TV image of one guy giving another guy a truly blistering BJ.

He followed my eyes over to the television and said, 'Time to get real, baby,' then lowered his head until his pouty lips kissed the tip of my pulsating cock.

'Suck me, Matt,' I moaned. 'Suck me.'

'You don't have to tell me twice, dude,' he said, then stuck out his tongue and licked my super-sensitive hood.

My body and brain were jolted by his hot, wet tongue-touch, but he hung onto my cock and swirled his slimy tongue under and over and around my puffed-up dickhead. 'That's the way,' I grunted, and wrenched a hand off the damp, scrunched-up bedcover and brought it up to my nipples. I pinched and plucked my inflamed, pink nips, rolled them between my shaking fingers, heightening the erotic sensation of Matt's tongue-lashing.

He basted my ballooned-out mushroom cap with his sizzling juices, then popped my cockhead in his mouth and started sucking. I moaned my encouragement, and gazed through lust-misted eyes at his bobbing blond head, at the TV screen where the black guy was deep-throating his companion's monster cock like there was no tomorrow. I anxiously ran my fingers through Matt's soft, yellow locks, stroked his beautiful bouncing head as he pulled on my cock-top. Then he gripped my quivering thighs and crammed as much cock into his gaping maw as he could. He sucked and sucked and sucked, his humid breath steaming out of his flared nostrils as he wet-vacced my wood.

The feeling was un-fucking-believable! I'd had a few guys, and even a couple of girls (before I'd gotten well and truly bent), give me a hummer, but nothing like what Matt was dishing out. He knew just how to handle a long, hard stick, hockey and otherwise, with practice obviously making perfect. He gulped down almost my entire petrified pecker, sealed it in his superheated mouth, and sucked on it with a relentless intensity.

'Yeah, baby, yeah!' I shouted, frantically grasping fistfuls of his golden hair and hanging on while he mouth-pumped my dong like an oil derrick – up and down, up and down, over and over and over again. I looked up from Matt's amazing mouth-to-cock resuckitation only when the swallowed-up guy on TV yelled the Swedish equivalent of 'I'm coming!' and

jerked his sopping axe out of his lover's craven mouth, stroked it frenziedly, and then blasted thick, creamy semen into his buddy's gaping mouth.

Matt pulled and pulled on my raging cock with his sensual, moist mouth and lips, slurped at the underside of my dick with his flattened-out tongue. His head plunged even further down, until his nose plowed into my curly, black fur and his stretched-out mouth and throat were absolutely jam-packed with cock. And when his tongue slithered out of his crammed mouth to lap at my hairy balls, the awesome sensations became way too much for me and the come in my balls boiled out-of-control. 'I'm gonna blow my load, Matt!' I bellowed in warning.

He looked up into my glazed eyes, disgorged a third of my drenched meat, and then torqued up the sucking pressure another notch, tugging on my inflamed tool faster and faster, until, just before blast-off, he wrenched my dripping dong out of his craw and rapidly took up with his hand where his spectacular mouth had left off.

'Fuck almighty!' I shrieked wildly. Come rocketed out of my hand-jacked cock and flew all over the place. I came and came and came, blowing wad after wad of white-hot jizz into the air, my body spasming uncontrollably, as Matt pumped and pumped me, drained me of come.

When the last of the goo had flown my cock, Matt kissed my twitching, red dick-tip and licked up a few drops of sticky overflow. Then he looked at me and said, 'Now it's my shift, dude.'

I fell back onto the bed, my balls emptied perhaps for all time, my body and mind wasted. 'Anything you want, man,' I gasped. 'Anything.'

He popped my sagging, sopping dong back into his mouth, milked it a moment longer, then slapped my thigh and said, 'Assume the formation, big guy.'

'Huh? I don't …'

'C'mon, you know the drill! Time to take a shot at that sexy ass of yours. I bet it's got more uses than just warming a bench,' he joked.

I rolled over with a groan and lethargically crawled onto my hands and knees, pushed my round, taut butt into the air. The TV had gone blank when the preview ended, but it sure as hell had accomplished its sexual sales job. I watched Matt jog over to his wallet on the counter, his big, heavy cock jouncing happily. He plucked out a condom, tore it open, and eagerly rolled it down his enormous dick.

'Play safe,' he quipped, then climbed onto the bed, behind my behind. He felt up my butt cheeks, squeezing and kneading them, then lightly slapping the cheeky pair of them.

'Fuck me up the ass,' I grunted, his hot, hard, probing fingers feeling great on my bum.

'Sounds like a plan,' he said, before spreading my pillows apart so that he could blow on my asshole – fan the fire already burning there.

My cock started to tingle, and even swelled back to semi-attention when Matt plugged his tongue into my ass. 'Yeah,' I groaned, as he swirled his pink blade of bliss around in my butt, his fingers caressing and fondling my ass, my re-hardened cock. He tongued and tongued my flaming glory hole, then flattened his tongue and licked me clear from the base of my furry balls to the top of tremulous ass.

He lapped long and hard at my balls and backdoor, giving me the "round the world" of my life, before eventually saying, 'I think you're just about wet enough for some real body checking.' He spat in his hand and rubbed his sheathed cock, and I reached back and spread my ass cheeks, urging him to fill the gap in my defence.

'Time to go bottom shelf,' he commented, then grabbed his cock and pressed his huge mushroomed hood up against my teeny, tiny opening.

‘Shoot it in!’ I yelled, desperate for his cock to be sliding around in my ass.

He pushed forward, penetrated my pucker, and then eased his engorged erection into my quivering bum. I pushed back at him, and his massive cock sank all the way into my gripping asshole. We both had the man-advantage now, only I was the one being penal-ized – and it felt fantastic! He churned his hips back and forth, slowly at first, his big dick filling my stretched-wide love tunnel. Then he moved faster and faster, till he was banging my sensitized butt like a goaltender bangs his stick on the ice to signal the end of a penalty.

‘Pummel my ass!’ I hollered.

He quit dogging it then and really picked up the pace, frantically pounded my petoot, jolting my body with his reckless ass-battering. ‘Damn, you’re tight, baby,’ he hissed through gritted teeth, gripping my waist and hammering away at me, sweat dappling his ripped upper body, the muscles on his thick arms standing out in stark, rigid relief. He split me in two with his savage schlonging, his heavy balls smacking my rippling cheeks. He plundered my anus again and again, relentlessly, as I desperately tried and failed to pull my own goalie.

‘I’m gonna come, baby!’ he shouted all-too-soon, throwing back his head and revving up his hips even more. He ass-slammed me frenziedly, blowing my mind with his battering-ram cock, and then he grunted in ecstasy and his heaving body jerked like a player caught with his head down. He clung desperately to my waist as he was buffeted by blistering orgasm, as white-hot come cannonaded out of his prick and into the condom shoved cock-first up my ass.

He came over and over, groaning and moaning with joy as he pumped my jiggling bum with his spurting cock, until finally he collapsed, exhausted, on top of me. He gently tongued my neck, lapped up my dewy perspiration and quipped, ‘He shoots, he scores.’

‘We better keep this between ourselves, Matt,’ I said, turning serious. I didn’t want the rest of the rugged team knowing that me and my line mate were rump-bumpers.

But Matt surprised me for a second time that night by saying, ‘Why just keep it between ourselves, dude? The more the merrier. I’ve already scored with half the starting line-up; you were one of the few I hadn’t completed a pass to yet.’ He smiled, his cock still buried to the balls inside my bottom. ‘I was saving the best for last, dude.’

He shoots, he scores, indeed.

Troublemaker

I spat down into my hand, onto my cock. Shut my eyes and stroked super-hard and fast. Thinking of Donnie – beautiful Donnie – back home. Pretending the flying hand on my glistening pink pipe was Donnie's warm, soft, brown hand, giving me my very first second-man hand job behind the garage in his parents' backyard, lovingly, expertly stroking my virgin prick, pulling me fast to furious ecstasy.

My cock grew come-hard, as Donnie swept up and down the slick, rigid shaft, over and around my bloated purple hood. He pulled the stiffened meat down and pointed the gleaming tip at his mouth, snaking his other hand up and under my T-shirt to catch onto a hardened nipple, squeeze. Sending another thrill rippling all through me, my tightened sac popping with seed.

'Fuckin' A! That's rig's been rolled back – I'm tellin' ya!'

A pair of truckers; barging into the roadside diner washroom and clomping towards the urinals.

I didn't care. I was too far gone to stop, to ever turn back; Donnie had tugged me way past the point of second thoughts. I ducked my head down below the top of the stall and looked into Donnie's sweet face looking up at me, his lush, red mouth open and waiting, pink tongue hanging out, a gleeful twinkle in his warm, brown eyes. As he pinched my nipple and squeezed my pec, pistoned my oiled, out-of-control cock.

Semen exploded out of my slit, rocking me back on my sneaker heels and against the wall. Striping Donnie's happy face over and over, jetting onto his tongue and into his mouth; my come on another man's face!

'Oh, God, I love you, Donnie!' I cried, shaking all over with glorious ecstasy, splashing sperm down onto Donnie burst after soul-draining burst.

When I finally came to again, pulled up my pants and slipped out of the stall, the two burly truckers were still standing at the urinals – staring at me. I'd come in to wash some of the road dirt off my hands and face, but now I didn't bother. Because one of the truckers took a step towards me, his fat cock dangling overripe out of his open fly.

He slipped in a puddle of water and went down hard on the tile with a resounding crack. And I got the heck out of there before there was any more trouble; my own erection still bulging the front of my jeans.

I caught a ride a mile down the highway. A big, broad, middle-aged guy with bristly red hair and a burnt-red face. I'd seen him inhaling the liver and onions special back in the diner.

He had a swollen upper lip, and a lecherous look in his big, blue eyes as he surveyed my faded, skin-tight jeans and tight, white T-shirt, my sun-browned arms and face and sun-lightened blond hair. He was driving a cherry red 1957 Cadillac convertible, and he had his long, hard cock out of his suit pants and waving my way only a couple of miles after pick-up.

I looked at him, at his towering, vein-ribboned erection.

'C'mon,' he said, nice and easy, gesturing with his dick again, grinning dentures at me. 'I'll take you far as you want to go. Food's on me all the way.'

San Francisco was still a long way away. And I hadn't eaten anything all day. So, I scooched over on the shiny red and white bench seat and dipped my head down, took the man's mushroomed cap into my mouth and sucked.

‘That’s the stuff!’ he groaned.

The car swerved, as I sunk my head down to meet his big hand gripping the base of his big cock, my mouth and some of my throat filling with throbbing pipe. We were barrelling along at 80 miles-per-hour, top down and wind blowing and sun shining. Me deepthroating a guy I’d met barely five minutes ago. I’d been doing a lot of things like this all along the open road from Portland, Maine, for the past ten days. And getting pretty darn good at it.

The man eased his hand away from his cock and I plunged my nose down into his pubes, lips kissing his balls. He bucked like we’d hit a speed bump, fought to keep the big old car on the road.

I could smell the sweat on his copper-furred balls, breathing rapidly through my nose, his hot, pulsating meat bulging my cheeks and throat. I gagged a little, and my eyes teared up, but I kept the man’s huge erection locked down in my mouth-embrace (Donnie always said I had natural talent).

But then the big man dug his thick, ringed fingers into my hair and jerked my head up. His cock sprang out of my gasping mouth, attached to my lips by sticky strings of saliva. He pushed my head back down, sealing his cock in my warm, wet mouth again, his red-veined eyes gone misty as mine, thick-lipped mouth hanging open.

He stuffed me full of dick. Then jerked my head back up. Pushed my head back down. Pumping his hips at the same time; fucking my drooling mouth and stretched-out throat.

‘Jesus, yes!’ he yelled, surging shaft between my lips, slamming hood into the back of my throat.

I stuck out my tongue and took a swipe at his balls, dizzy with all the motion, red-faced with all the meat. And he let out a roar and just about tore my hair out, hot, salty, slippery sperm flooding my mouth, shooting down my throat. The big man coming as hard and as much as Donnie used to unload in my mouth.

I gulped fast as I could, snot and spunk bubbling out of my nose, mouth filling again and again. Imagining it was Donnie sitting on the edge of his bed, his long fingers tangled in my hair and slender hips pumping; me on the carpet on my knees, gripping his clenched, bare thighs and urgently drinking his sweet, tangy come straight from his spurting cock. Never wanting to lose the taste of the guy, the feel of his long, thick, thrusting cock in my mouth – wanting more and more and more of what only he could give me. His dad banging on the bedroom door demanding to know what all the noise was about.

The car banging up and down over the warning ridges on the side of the road.

I took a long, last pull on the big man’s spluttering cock and looked up at him. And saw that his beefy face wasn’t red any more, it was purple! His head was lolled back on the seat, his left hand off the steering wheel and lying limp on his leg.

I spat his cock out and fought my head free of his clutching hand. Just as the car drifted off the pavement doing eighty and plunged into the grassy ditch alongside the highway. We dove down in a sickening free-fall. Then hit bottom and ramped up the other side, sailing up out of the ditch and landing with a jarring thud in a farmer’s field. I kicked the man’s foot off the accelerator and planted mine on the brake pedal. And we rocked to a stop in a thick cloud of dust.

I turned off the car and got my bearings, wiping my mouth off. The man behind the wheel didn’t appear to be breathing. Although his pink, purple-veined cock still stood tall and hard, slick with my spit, still waving at me.

I wasn’t sure if the guy was dead or alive. But I just couldn’t stick around to find out for sure. After all the trouble back in Portland, I couldn’t risk any more out here.

So I gently dragged the man out of the car and set him down in the field. Then got the

Cadillac back on the road and pointed west again. I'd ditch it once I got to San Francisco. But I had to get there first.

Twenty miles over the Nevada border and I was making good time, almost enjoying the hot sunshine and the rushing wind, the throbbing feel of the open road. When a hitchhiker suddenly jumped right out into the middle of the highway, right in front of the barrelling car.

I jerked the wheel over to the left and stomped on the brakes. Sending the Cadillac fishtailing across the asphalt, tires bouncing, narrowly missing the guy standing there with his arms outstretched. He was inside the car and slamming the big door shut before I'd even caught my breath.

'Nice wheels,' he said. 'Now drive.'

He was a little short guy, with curly black hair and gleaming black eyes, olive-coloured skin without a trace of hair on it. He didn't say anything more for 30 miles or so. Then he said, 'What happened to the guy owned this car?' My hands went even slipperier on the steering wheel, and I swallowed hard and dry. 'Wh-what'd you mean? It's … my car.'

He snorted. 'Yeah, and I'm the president. Connectin' with the people one ride at a time.' His thin lips flashed a slash of a grin. 'Big Red picked me up outside Salt Lake City. Gave me a nice, smooth ride for about five seconds, before getting all fresh – pulling out his pecker and expectin' me to suck for my dinner. That's when I popped the fat slob right in the mouth.'

'I … I …'

'Yeah, I know. He give you the car for a job well done, decided to walk the rest of the way to his sales convention in Sacramento.' He licked his lips, never taking his shrewd, mean eyes off of me. 'Name's Les. Me and you are goin' places, kid.'

He proceeded to tell me all about his big plans. The plans for him and me, once we got to San Francisco. First, we'd sell the car to a guy he knew, get a stake for a place in the Castro. Then we'd start hustling; or, at least, *I'd* start hustling. To finance his other business ventures – all of them illegal. I'd play along, or Les would stop the first cop he saw and report the stolen car and its missing owner.

He went on and on in his hard, brittle voice. As I clung to the steering wheel with white knuckles, for dear life.

Until finally he said, 'Pull over,' 90 miles from Reno. 'There's a lake around here. I could use a swim – get cleaned up.'

I pulled over at the sign and drove down a dirt road and into a gravel parking lot. Then Les steered me down a path through the woods. It was getting late, so there weren't a lot people on the small beach, just a few families lying around on the warm sand or splashing around in the cool, blue water.

We waded through the sand to a semi-secluded spot behind a grassy dune. And Les said, 'Time to seal the deal.' He hoisted the blanket he'd brought along from the car off his shoulder and onto the sand. Then quickly stripped off his dirty T-shirt and torn jeans.

His small body was tight and wiry, his hard nipples and stubby cock a slightly darker shade than the rest of his skin. He gripped his cock and stroked, leering at me, 'So, let's see the merchandise, sunshine.'

I took off my clothes, ducking down a bit so the other people on the beach couldn't see.

'Golden boy!' Les sneered, eyeing my tanned, lanky, blond-fuzzed body. He grabbed onto my semi-erect and yanked me closer, clutching our cocks together, shooting up on to his tip-toes and kissing me hard on the lips.

A thrill raced through me against my will, my naked body flushing with heat, my

clenched cock hardening against the little guy's stiff dick. Donnie had kissed me like that the first time: fierce and hungry and wet, his body melting into mine.

Les thrust his tongue into my mouth and squirmed it around, his strong hand squeezing our cocks to the point of painful pleasure. Until he had me up on my tip-toes, too, whimpering into his open mouth, feebly fighting his tongue with my tongue.

Then he grabbed my head and pulled me down to his chest. And I licked at his pointed nipples, spinning my tongue all around first one hairless bud, and then the other.

'That's the shit, tiger!' he growled. 'You'll have 'em comin' in their pants in Polk Gulch.'

I bit into his nipple, and he groaned, releasing our cocks from his hand-vice and grabbing onto my shoulders. I tugged on his other rubbery bud. Then started licking and kissing my way down the taut, smooth skin of his stomach.

He stopped me just above his twitching cock, and hissed, 'Fuck me, stud! Show me what you got!' Then dropped down on to the blanket on all-fours.

I stared at his arched back and rounded butt cheeks, more than a little surprised – and disappointed – that he wanted to be bottom. I'd fucked Donnie only once, when he'd thought for sure his parents were gone for the evening and we'd have the hot tub out back all to ourselves.

Les dug a tube of lube out of his discarded jeans and tossed it up at me. Then reached back and spread his butt cheeks wide open, dirty fingernails biting into the tan flesh. I quickly squatted in behind him and oiled my heavy, wooden length, hardly feeling it I was so pumped. What with the open air and the sunshine, the sound of the voices and splashing so close by; and that gaping, pink manhole staring me in the face, and cock.

I smeared some lube into his crack, and then gripped my prick and steered shining hood into the guy's ripe, waiting opening, shaking all over with excitement. We both groaned when I popped my bloated cap through his ring, moaned when I plunged my glistening shaft deep and long into his ass.

'Fuck!' Les yelled, burying his face in the blanket and pounding the sand with his fists. As I stuffed his hot, tight chute full of my pulsing cock, right to the balls.

I grabbed onto the guy's narrow waist and started churning my hips, fucking his ass; on fire with the wicked, wild eroticism of it all. His anus sucked on my cock, and I pumped back.

He gasped and grunted like Donnie, as I'd recklessly splashed up against his rippling cheeks, fucking ass for the very first time, my face and body boiling hot as the water. 'Donnie! Oh, Donnie!' I wailed, pistoning raging dong full-length back and forth in his gripping hole, forcing him down until I was right over top of his slick, heated body; revelling in the weird, sensual, rutting sensation of driving deep and hard into another man.

I hardly heard his frantic splutters and gasps, the sharp, wet smack of my flying thighs against his shuddering cheeks echoing and echoing, my head spinning and body burning, cock plundering and surging. I howled, 'Oh, God, Donnie! I'm coming, Donnie!' pounding his velvet chute with everything I had, spraying fiery lust up against his bowels over and over and over.

Afraid no longer to let everyone know just how much I really loved men – this man, in particular. Even as Donnie's mother and father walked out onto the deck and gaped at me fucking their son up the ass, coming in their son's ass. Donnie's father gripped his chest, his eyes bugging out. While his wife raced towards the hot tub and pulled Donnie's head out of the water. As I shook with utter abandoned ecstasy on the end of my true love's sweet, milking ass.

I opened my eyes, still shaking uncontrollably, hips still pumping into the prone man. He didn't move. I unplugged my hot iron cock with a satisfied pop and rolled off the guy. Still he didn't move, or say anything.

I grasped his shoulder and pushed him up onto his side, trembling with more than just spent lust now. Les' mouth was full of blanket. Like he'd been chewing on it, been forced to eat it. And his face was just like Donnie's face had been, when his mother pulled him out of the water.

I grabbed up my clothing and ran. Into the bush. Anywhere. Away. Where I couldn't hurt anybody else ever again.

* * *

Donnie Brayden walked into his parents' living room and plopped down onto the couch, picked up a magazine. 'How're you feeling today, pop?' he asked.

His father looked up from his newspaper and grunted. 'Fine. Just fine. So long as I take all those damn pills the doctor gave me.' His big, beefy face reddened a little more. 'And, uh, how are you doing, son?'

'Breathing fine,' Donnie replied. 'No problems.'

The older man licked his thick lips, and cleared his throat. 'You, uh, hear anything from … Travis?'

'Nope. His mother thinks he's left town – gone off somewhere.'

Donnie's father grunted again, shook out his newspaper. 'Well, that kid never *was* anything but trouble, in my opinion.'

Teaming Up

When I hit 50 and flabby, I made a resolution to get back in shape before it was too late. I did not want to end up like a lot of my middle-aged insurance colleagues – nursing hernias and heart conditions and heavy loads over their belts that meant cock-sightings only with mirrors and sex on the pay-away plan. I'd run the actuarial charts, so I knew where I was headed unless I took action.

And I took action. Along with a program of early-morning weightlifting and walking, I test-drove a number of recreational sports: golf (too slow), basketball (too exhausting), racquetball (too claustrophobic), curling (don't know why I tried curling), before finally settling on softball; slo-pitch softball, to be exact. I'd played some hardball way back when, and I figured I could maybe work my way back up the horsehide ladder, and into better shape, via the slo route.

My secretary told me about a mixed league that was looking for players, and I signed up, met my team-mates the following Tuesday on a gopher-holed field on the windy outskirts of the city. The Bronx Bombers they weren't, but neither were they the Bad News Bears. They were just a mixed bag of guys and gals used to fielding phone calls and inter-office memos rather than line-drives.

Except for the captain of the team, that is. Donovan was a long, lean, obviously athletic guy with short, rubbable black hair and brilliant, knee-sagging green eyes. He reminded me of Alex Rodriguez of the Yankees, and I could tell by the way he was fun going balls around during warm-up that he could really play the game.

We ended losing 21-19 to the Wheaties in a tight-scoring affair, but I had a good time and got a heck of a lot more exercise than I thought I would. Some of the old skills returned along with the arm soreness and the stitch in my side, and I found myself running the bases virtually every time I stepped up to the plate. And when our team captain saw I could field the grapefruit without closing my eyes and offering a prayer, he put me in left field, which meant I was chasing down balls almost every inning, as well.

The best part of the game, though, was sporting young Donovan. He was decked out in a pair of tight, silky blue shorts and a blue-mesh muscle shirt. I reverentially watched him coil at the plate, knees bent and bum waggling, run the bases after a hit, powerful bronze thighs and arms pumping, loose cock flopping. And I had a good, unobstructed view of his big, rounded butt from my position in left field, as he crouched in the hole between second and third. I fantasized about filling the stud's own hole with my bat and balls, field-dreaming that a fall-summer sexual encounter could be as natural as Roy Hobbs.

'Hey, you ever think of playing serious ball?' Donovan asked me after the game, when we were stowing the baseball gear in his equipment bag. 'You're pretty good, you know.'

'Thanks,' I replied, beaming. 'What do you mean – serious ball?'

'Well, I just play on this team for fun, and to recruit new talent. I'm on another team with a bunch of guys who play a lot harder. Thought you might be interested in stepping it up a notch.'

'Uh, yeah, sure, I'm interested, absolutely,' I blustered, lost in the guy's twinkling emerald eyes. I was willing to even play on the Tampa Bay Devil Rays if it meant spending more quality, sweaty time with the D-Man. 'When do you guys play?'

Donovan cracked a blindingly-white smile that lit up my small corner of the world.

'Every Friday night. Why don't you come out this week?' If I squeezed in a massage and

a session with my chiropractor, I could just maybe make it to a Friday game in one piece. 'Great. I'd love to come … out.' I enthused, watching Donovan's kitten-pink tongue part his thick lips and apply lubrication.

'Excellent. I'll give you my address. The guys always get together before the game to strategize and stuff.'

They did take their diamond-ball seriously. Donovan gave me his address, and I memorised it like some guys memorise baseball stats.

That Friday night, I bumped the curb a couple doors down from Donovan's house at six o'clock sharp. He lived in the funky, elm-shaded neighbourhood we straight-laced, suburban Sioux Fallsians call the Yippie District. And Donovan's place turned out to be an old, refurbished, two-storey job painted a wild neon-green with purple trim.

I wasn't absolutely sure of the young man's sexuality, but the house and the 'hood were sending out the right vibes. And so was the flamboyant tease with the pink hair and blue nose studs who answered the bell when I rang. 'You must be Malcolm,' he gushed, spilling some of his drink and his spit. He winked at me. 'I hear you can really play.'

Dressed in black leather pants and an unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt, drinking anything but Gatorade, the guy looked about as ready for a ballgame as my dead uncle Clarence. 'We're all in the backyard,' he whispered, breathing booze in my face. Then he pirouetted and sashayed away down the hallway.

I followed his tight, twitching buns through the eclectically furnished house and out on to a creaking back porch that overlooked a size-small backyard. The yard was surrounded by an eight-foot-high cedar fence, and there were enough guys crammed into the green space to make up a ball team, all right; but they were playing a different kind of catch entirely.

A long-haired blond and a flat-top redhead were passionately making out in a shaded corner of the fence, Blondie gripping Red's head while Red gripped Blondie's ass, their tongues entwining like the ivy at Wrigley Field. Two more players were executing the ol' squeeze play on a third guy in another corner of the yard, their mouths attached to his sun-burnished nipples, sucking and licking and biting, their hands on his blue-jeaned equipment, rubbing and squeezing and stroking. The double-played dude had his back up against the fence and his shirt up around his neck, his hands on his buddies' heads, as he got licked and sucked and manhandled.

And smack in the middle of that miniature field of dreams, a guy suddenly sank to his knees in the grass and deftly unbelted and unzipped another guy. He tugged his pal's jeans down and said howdy-do to a slender, liquorice-black cock rising up and sniffing the open air. The kneeling man fielded the standing man's cock like a pro, seizing it with his hand at the base, with his mouth at the head. The standing man grunted and tore off his T-shirt, exposing even more shining ebony skin. He started pinching and pulling his nipples, as his playmate got a good, hardcore sucking rhythm going, as I watched and drooled in amazement.

'What'd you think of the team?' someone asked, startling me like a voyeur caught with his pants down. Donovan casually threw an arm over my shoulder. 'Think you can play with us?'

I looked at that muscular, brown arm, felt its soothing, sensuous warmth, looked out at that orgy unfolding in front of me, felt its raw, white-hot heat. Then I looked into Donovan's gleaming green eyes and gulped, 'Game on.'

He smiled, took my hand and led me down off the porch and on to the field of play. He pointed out the various players, told me their names, their favourite positions, then gestured at the guy with the pink hair and the skewed fashion sense to come on over. 'Skeezer,

Malcolm,' he said by way of introduction. 'Skeez here can really suck up the ground balls.'

'Oh, yeah? How about that? We've, uh, already met,' I mumbled.

'Not properly,' Skeezer responded, grinning and touching my shoulder like I was "it". Then, without further ado or coaching, he dropped to his knees and stood his drink in the grass and popped open my Dockers. He had my pants and briefs down around my ankles before I could say, 'Holy cow!'

I flinched when his warm, wet mouth engulfed my shocked cock, flinched again when Donovan slid his warm, wet tongue into my ear and swirled it around. My reflexes were still pretty quick for an old guy, though, my bat corked and balls juiced in a matter of seconds, thanks to Skeezer's loving lips and tongue and Donovan's whispered wet nothings.

'Jesus,' I groaned, my wood filling the heated cauldron of Skeezer's mouth to the gag-reflex and beyond.

But the ball-boy didn't back down. He locked me tight and hot and wet in his mouth and throat, his nostrils flaring for air, his baby-blues gazing up into my eyes. Donovan bit into my lobe and kissed my neck, his musky man-scent filling my dizzy head.

I'd only ever gone two men down once before in my life, in my wild youth, in a secluded barn with a pair of kissing cousins with no one to witness our wicked mischief other than a pair of disinterested cows and a one-eyed field mouse. This, on the other hand – Skeezer bobbing his pink head up and down on my pink cock now, Donovan tonguing and biting my neck – was wildly out in the open, ten other guys and who knew how many peeping Tom's catching the action. I was overwhelmed by the thought, by the double-team sucking and kissing, and my knees buckled with the sheer erotic weight of it all. Thank God I'd been working out.

Donovan helped me unbutton my denim shirt, my hands shaking like a teenager showing his buddy his hidden stash of gay porn mags and wondering what would happen next. Donovan pushed my shirt off my shoulders, grabbed my pale pecs in his hot brown hands, and licked at my cherry-red nipples. I moaned as he twirled his thick tongue around first one nipple and then the other, as Skeezer hard-sucked my cock, almost pulling me off my feet with the intensity of his blowjob.

Shivers of delight raced up and down my spine, like batters rounding the bases and heading for home, my balls tightening with imminent release. Donovan bit into a flaming nipple and pinched the other, Skeezer squeezing my tensed sack as he wet-vacced my cock.

'I can't take any more,' I yelped.

'Swing for the fences, Mal, ' Donovan urged, mouth full of nipple. 'We all do.'

He stuck two of his fingers into my gaping mouth and I anxiously sucked on them, Skeezer taking me down to the matted hairline and back up again, over and over, sending me flying. I trembled out-of-control and my balls boiled over and my cock exploded. I blasted Skeezer's pretty mouth full of sizzling sperm and whimpered like a spoiled millionaire athlete, my body jolted by wicked orgasm again and again.

Skeezer took everything I had to give, like a true team-mate, swallowing hard and sucking harder, milking my pulsing cock, draining my balls. And when I'd finally, blissfully spurted my last dollop of sticky sunshine, I would've tumbled to my knees in gratitude and exhaustion had Donovan not held me up by the nipples and whispered in my ear, 'Now you have to prove that *you're* a team player.'

My eyes fluttered open and I stared at Blondie and Red staring back at me, cocks in their hands and grins on their kissers. I glanced down at Skeezer gently stroking my spent and slimy prick, noted the evil grin on his puffy lips. 'I'll-I'll put out for the team,' I gasped.

They were all over me like a guy getting mobbed at home plate after belting a game-

winning dinger. They stripped me clean of clothing. Then the lube came out, Skeezer gleefully greasing my asshole and Donovan's cock. Sufficiently slickened, Donovan stretched out on a hastily-unfolded lounger, long and hard and glistening in the hot sun. He gestured at me to stretch out on top of him.

I gingerly climbed onto the man's smooth, awesome physique, facing away from him, facing the crowd. His heavy cock squeezed up between my legs and pressed against my balls. Then he gripped my hips and pushed me upwards, easily holding me there with one hand while he grabbed his cock with the other and pushed its head into my butt cheeks, probing for my opening. I spread my trembling legs and positioned my feet, and Donovan's bloated hood quickly broached my asshole and punched up inside. He lowered me back down, burying his cock in my ass in one slow, sensual motion.

I closed my eyes and groaned, my body flooding with heat, a hard young cock up the ass feeling so very good, so very right. But I wasn't expected to field just one cock. Blondie and Red stepped up to the plate, on either side of me, extending their erections towards my open mouth. Donovan had a secure grip on my waist, raising and lowering me on his cock like a pennant on a flagpole, so I reached out and grabbed onto Blondie's long cock and started stroking, pulled Red's thick little penis into my mouth and started sucking.

The fearsome foursome went on like that for an amazing few minutes, Donovan impaling me while I alternately tongued and tugged Red and Blondie's cocks. But then Skeezer got in on the action, grabbing my flopping cock and filling his mouth with it again. He got me hard-as-before, then greased the both of us up.

Donovan slowed his ass-pumping so the pink-haired guy with the rock star body could straddle the two of us, facing away from us. I knew what to do and I did it, plugging my numb cock into Skeezer's tight little hole, sinking deep into his quivering bum like a spike into the warm, wet sod.

I could hardly believe what was happening. Here I was, a respected, middle-aged business executive, getting reamed by one young stud, reaming another, while sucking and jerking off two others – in blazing backyard America. It pays to participate, I guess. And being a good sport certainly helps.

I licked and sucked and pulled on Red and Blondie's cocks as best I could, as Skeezer joyfully bounced up and down on my cock, as Donovan surged his cock back and forth in my tingling chute. It was a hard, intensely pleasurable workout, and I was soon wetly rewarded for all my efforts.

Red bellowed like he'd been hit by a pitch. He grabbed my head and poured molten semen into my mouth, just as Blondie started shaking on the end of my hand and I jacked his hot seed all over my face and his buddy's groin. And the sight and sound and smell of those spurting males quickly set off my two bum-buddies. Donovan dug his fingers into my slick flesh and grunted, unloaded in me, blasting my ass full of come. Then Skeezer shook like a stadium full of fans and fell back against me, sperm jetting out of his hand-cranked cock.

It was left to me to bat clean-up, my body arching and my brain melting as I rocketed spunk into Skeezer's dancing bum, as I hand and mouth and ass-milked my team mates. A guy's never too old for this game.

Classic

The guy was a classic, like that black ‘66 Lincoln Continental he kept all for himself in one corner of the sprawling used car lot. He was around 50, with dark hair streaked white at the temples, clear grey eyes, a lush, red mouth, and a tall, lean body tanned a deep-brown. I was half his age, but I was hot for car-daddy.

He was one of the reasons I’d taken the job hustling autos around, washing them, cleaning up around the place. Him, and the fact that I was still tuition and textbook-shy of getting into my second year of college. My real father had decided I was old enough to support myself.

From the first day I set foot on the lot, I tried to be the best employee a used car dealership had ever seen. That might not be saying much, given the rep of the joints, but I stepped it up a notch, putting a shine so fine on the cars you could comb your nose hair in the mirror finish. I made sure there wasn’t so much as a pink slip blowing around the big lot, no garbage on display other than the “vintage” K-cars. And I was the fastest guy from garage to lot behind the wheel, 0-100 yards in less than ten seconds, depending on the job the mechanics had done in temporarily patching up the engines for resale.

And I got noticed by Mr Wallace Stern, and rewarded – a pat on my blond head and a pay boost from minimum wage to ten cents above minimum wage. That was after one month on the job. After two months of killing myself, me and my bank account were really still in no better shape; I was no closer to closing the deal with Wallace as I’d been when I started work.

I knew the guy was as queer as the warranties he offered on some of his wrecks, but I just couldn’t get him to take a look under my hood, get his motor racing. Despite the fact I was parading around in form-fitting tanks and shorts, letting the hot summer sun soak into my tight, toned chassis, sheen my lithe limbs with a glistening coat of sweat. I’ve got a cute little bubble-butt and a freckle-sprinkled face to match. But Wallace’s hands were too full running the car lot, apparently, to get them dirty on little young me.

So, at the start of month three on the job, with summer closing fast, along with my chances of second-year college, I opted out of the good kid program. If auto-man didn’t want to give me a ride, I was going to take him for one.

I started moving around with all the pep of an early-model Firefly, leaving streaks behind on the paint jobs after washing, letting garbage fly around the lot like the banners and bunting, grinding gears and trailing rubber whenever I jockeyed cars into sales position. I was already looking for a more permanent job, anyway, one that would take me through the fall, winter, and spring and, hopefully, into summer school the following year.

To give myself a bigger boost in that respect, I boosted some cash out of the showroom till on a couple of occasions. Nothing too much, just enough to allow me to get along with some kids my own age on the weekends. But the third time I tried it, Wallace put the hammer down.

‘What do you think you’re doing, Troy!?’ he demanded, suddenly appearing from around the corner of his office.

I’d thought everyone had gone home; I’d seen Wallace drive off in his Lincoln. But I guess he’d stopped and come back for something, and caught me green-handed.

‘I … I was just, uh, replacing some money I’d taken out for lunch. I know I shouldn’t have, but …’

‘Like hell you were! You were stealing, like you have on two previous occasions. Don’t think we haven’t noticed the shortages in the till.’

He glared at me, his hands on his hips. He was wearing a blue, pinstriped suit, a plum-coloured silk tie, black shoes as glossy as his Lincoln. I was sure I could outrun the older guy. So I took off like a VW Rabbit, accelerating past him and out the side door and along the building, headed for the fence and freedom in the field beyond at the rear of the lot.

But as soon as I hit asphalt, I spotted Wallace’s Continental idling by the garage, and I got a better, more vengeful idea. I skidded to a stop, yanked the front door open, jumped in.

Unfortunately, and surprisingly, Wallace had wheels of his own, besides his sweet ride. He caught up with me and grabbed me by the arm and yanked me back out of the car, suddenly all over me like he’d never been before. ‘I’ll teach you to steal!’ he rasped, swatting my ass with the flat of his hand.

I was jolted up straight by the blow. I’d never expected anything like that … never expected it to thrill me like it did. I was wearing a thin pair of jean shorts, and the man’s blade of a hand impacted my ass hard and heavy, and heated. I surged with sudden warmth, from my tingling cheeks on up and around, my cock leaping in my shorts.

‘You need to be taught some discipline, college boy!’ Wallace hissed in my ear. ‘And here’s your second lesson.’ He smacked my bum again, even harder this time.

I jumped up onto my toes, stung, stunned. My whole body flushed with shimmering heat, my cock swelling right along with the rounded flesh of my swatted bottom. I’d never been spanked before in my life, never before realised it could feel so exciting, erotic. Wallace gripped my left shoulder with his warm left hand, his right hand fanning pure exhilaration into my butt cheeks.

He smacked my ass again and again. Then he loosened his grip, thinking maybe I’d learned my lesson. But I was just getting educated; I was a bad boy, desperately needing the strong, guiding hand of a Stern daddy in the worst way. ‘Fuck you, old man!’ I sneered, making like I was trying to wriggle out of the guy’s grip.

His grip tightened, his straight, white teeth gritting together. He pulled me back, pulled the rear suicide door of the Lincoln open and flung me inside, jumped in after me.

We had a little more privacy inside the running luxury car, and Wallace used it to really lay down the law. He perched on the leather bench seat and dragged me over his knees, whacked my upturned bottom like I was a little kid. I gulped, jerked, the wicked blow feeling so sensational on my rump, shivering me with pain and pleasure. I draped over his legs and soaked up the flaming heat of his hand and body.

He gripped me by the back of the neck with one hand, raised the other right to the roof and whistled it down on my derriere. The cracking sound blasted the interior of the vehicle, easily drowning out the purr of the powerful engine beneath the hood. I shuddered with every strike, my cock pressing hard and throbbing into the man’s legs.

I’d discovered the wanton appeal of spanking quite by accident, and now I deliberately sought more sexual punishment. I twisted my head around and shouted, ‘Fuck you and the car you drove in on, asshole!’

Wallace’s face was already pink with exertion, and now it flared red with anger. He tore my shorts down, popping my trembling butt cheeks out into the open – just like I’d hoped he would. His bare hand smashed my bare ass, shooting me full of raw bliss.

He struck again and again, whaling my rippling mounds, battering them red as his face, hot as his temper. He only stopped when he finally noticed me undulating against his legs, pumping my pumped-up dick against his thighs.

That’s when his head cooled down enough to figure out that maybe I wasn’t quite getting

the message he was trying to dish out. But he got my message, loud and clear. While he held his burning hand up in the air, I kept on pumping his legs, my butt and cock burning.

He lowered his hand, dropped it softly down on my bum, gently rubbed my battered cheeks.

'No!' I hissed at him. 'Spank me! Teach me!'

He lifted his hand, smacked it down on my rump. He rained blow after blow onto my ass, shattering my buttocks, my conception of traditional sexuality. The car shook with his savage blows, like me. I was a length of molten steel over his knees, my ass the superheated core, Wallace the unrelenting blacksmith, hammering me into and out of shape.

I bounced on his knees, my cheeks jumping numb. My cock spasmed. I was ready to erupt. Which is exactly when wise Wallace ceased his beating, and got all touchy-feely with my glowing cheeks again. The guy knew when to hard-sell, when to soft.

He caressed my buttocks with his swirling fingertips. I could hardly feel it, yet felt it enormously, the tenderness amplified a hundred-fold after the beautiful brutality. He traced tantalizing joy all over my throbbing ass, then dipped his fingers into my cleavage, spreading my buttocks.

He blew cool air onto my blazing seat cushions, breathed warm air onto my exposed asshole. I shuddered across his legs, my head and body swimming with delight.

A finger slid against my pucker, and I moaned. His finger wiggled into my manhole, and I whimpered. He plunged deeper inside me, gripping my cheeks with his other fingers.

'Fuck me! Please, fuck me!' I gasped, unable to control myself. I wanted that mature man's hard cock punishing my butthole, like his hand had punished my buttocks.

He pulled his digit out of my ass and then helped me get into position – knees on the backseat of the car, hands on the backrest. He crouched in behind me, and I arched my young bum at him, as he unfastened his suit pants and pushed them and his silk shorts down, drew out his stiff prick.

I stared back at his cock. It was as long and lean as the man himself, as smooth. 'Spank my ass with your cock,' I said.

He whacked my left cheek with his dick, my right. It was nowhere near as hard as his hitting hand, yet it was so much more intimate, his hood and shaft smacking the bare skin of my butt.

I dug my nails into the leather seat, biting my lip. He struck me with his cock again and again, shooting sparks through my ass wherever he impacted, making my own prick quiver with delight. My buttocks trembled uncontrollably, spanked in the most erotic manner possible.

Wallace at last stopped the wicked onslaught, drew some non-engine lubricant out of a pocket and greased his cock, my crack. His slender, slippery fingers glided in between my cheeks and rubbed, making me tingle from head to toe. Then tense, as he pulled out his fingers and pushed in his cap.

I reached back and gripped my cheeks, spread them. They were burning in my sweating hands, and I fully realised just how hard I'd been impacted by the man's strong hand. I bit into the backrest, digging my fingernails into my blistered butt flesh and tearing myself open, begging Wallace to stick and stroke me.

His hood squished against my starfish, shot through, bursting into my anus. Followed smoothly and oh-so-sensuously by his long, hard shaft. He filled my ass to the max, cock stretching my chute, surging me with a wonderful warmth. Then he started fucking my bum, thrusting his prick back and forth in my anus.

'Hit me! Spank me! Fuck me!' I yelped.

He whacked my rippling cheeks with his free hand, other hand holding tight to my waist, cock pounding into my hole. I was rocked to and fro by the frantic rhythm of his banging, my body ablaze like my bum, brain melted down to a puddled mess of pure pleasure. I grabbed onto my cock and jacked, the spanking and spearing driving me wild.

Wallace hit harder, fucked faster. The crack of his hand on my ass, his thighs against my cheeks, became one, filling the sweating, rocking car and our ears. He rammed me in a frenzy, flailing my butt.

'Jesus, yes, Troy!' he cried, jerking in back of me.

I felt his cock spasm, shoot in my anus. Just as my own cock exploded in my fist. Hot sperm flooded my chute, hot sperm flying out of the tip of my prick. I danced around on my knees like I'd been hooked up to the battery of the car, volts of pure ecstasy shocking me over and over.

I collapsed down into his lap afterwards, and he held me tight, whispering soothing words of sweet love in my ear.

'You're going to be a good boy from now on, aren't you?'

I kissed him full on his plush, red lips. I'd be going to college in the fall for sure now, I knew, and would work hard to get good grades. But I'd still need a good spanking every chance I could get.

So, I grinned evilly at Wallace, asked, 'What's the fun in that – Daddy?'

Down on the Bayou

The sun was blazing down, the humidity thick enough to cut with a knife. I stepped onto the dock and mopped my face with the front of my T-shirt, looking at the kid with the rod and reel sitting on the end of the dock.

It'd been a long trip down from the north, to the Deep South. Heat and fatigue were taking their toll. But the plane crash information was mine exclusively for only a short time, so I had to act fast.

'How're they biting?' I called out, walking down the dock towards the kid.

The sun-bleached boards creaked under my feet, the green bayou water glittering in the sun, dazzling my tired eyes. I was wearing just the white T-shirt and a pair of tan cotton pants, sneakers, and it felt like I was wearing a suit of armour in that sultry inferno. The kid didn't even turn his head and look at me, until I was right up in behind him. Didn't have a care or an enemy in the world, or so he wanted me to believe.

He was dressed in faded, torn blue overalls, nothing else. His bare arms and chest shone dark and smooth. His face was long, like his lanky body, his brown eyes brilliant white around the edges, nose flat at the bridge, wide at the nostrils, hair thick and black and bushy. He was maybe 18 or 19. The rod and reel were brand-new.

'What's that, mister?'

'I said: how're they biting?'

He shrugged, drew back his thick, dark lips and grinned rows of bright white teeth. 'Got a couple of nibbles.'

I got right to the point, before I melted out there on that open dock. The trees were already swaying across the water, and not from any wind. 'You heard anything about a plane going down in these parts?'

Rick Anson's single-engine Cessna had crashed twelve hours earlier, the last fix on the craft and its precious cargo within a 50-mile radius of where I was standing and sweating. The guy hadn't filed a flight plan, was deliberately not looking to be tracked. Fifty miles was a lot of steaming, thick bayou.

The kid squinted up at me. 'Huh?'

I smiled, my face muscles straining with the effort. 'Name's Terrance Freeman. I'm with the FAA, investigating a reported plane crash in this area. What's your name?'

He turned his head away, looking at his float bobbing in the murky green water. 'Milt.'

'OK, Milt, like I …'

'You got a badge or something?'

I slammed the bottom of my right foot into the small of his back. He went flying off the end of the dock, splatted face-first into the water. The anger just boiled out of me. I was short on time.

'Listen, punk!' I growled when Milt surfaced, splashed around to face me. 'I asked you a straight question and I want a straight answer.' I towered up above him, glaring down at him.

He shook water from his shining face, his hair sparkling with it. Then he grinned again. 'I don't do anything straight, mister.'

He slipped the straps of his overalls off his shoulders, floated on to his back, skinned the one-piece garment right off his lean body. His cock bobbed up on the surface of the water, a black snake glistening in the sun, growing harder, getting longer.

I licked my lips, looked around. We had that enclosed section of the bayou all to ourselves, just the incessant buzzing of insects to disturb the oppressive silence. I took the bait, and plunged into the water with the kid.

My feet hit sucking bottom. The brackish water went up to my chest, nipple-level. Milt craned his neck, looking down his body, over the humped cord of cock, at me. I waded in between his floating legs and grabbed onto his prick, pulled it upright and stuffed the blue-black cap into my mouth.

He took it like a man who's taken it many times before, tilting his head back into the water and spreading his arms wide, cock seizing up harder and longer in my hand and mouth. I cupped his big shaven balls, gripping his pole at the base, and bobbed my head up and down, sucking on the water-slick pipe.

The hood was cobra-huge, the shaft wrist-thick and smooth. The kid's cock throbbed in my clasping hand and sucking mouth.

'Caught yourself a big one, huh, Milt?'

I choked on shaft halfway down, swung my head around, spinning Milt's body with me. A man stood on the end of the dock. He was short and squat, built like a black fireplug, dressed like Milt had been. He cradled a shotgun in his large hands.

'Been hunting, myself,' he said, grinning. 'Didn't bag nothin' – till now.' He canted the shotgun down with his right hand, unfastened his overalls with his left. The tattered blue garment dropped down to his sturdy ankles. He picked his dick up, hefted the heavy black rod.

'My cousin – Marvis,' Milt said.

Marvis nodded, gestured with the shotgun, stroking his snake.

I pulled Milt's dong out of my mouth and climbed up out of the water and onto the dock, slipped off my sodden T-shirt and pants. My own cock popped out hard and long in the steambath air.

Marvis was in his early 30s, had a square-shaped, shaven head and a hard, high-cheekboned face, narrow brown eyes and thin black lips. His compact body was ribbed with muscle, pitch-black. He meant business, had the equipment to back it up.

I dropped down on to all-fours on the dock. Milt stuck his cock in my face, Marvis stuck his cock in my ass.

I groaned, mouth full of Milt's member again. Marvis had oiled his gun, and slid it in smoothly, gliding every inch of veined, pulsing meat into my chute. The shotgun clattered down on the boards behind me, when his pubed balls bumped up against my quivering cheeks. Then he gripped my hips, pumped his, stroking long and deep and hard into my anus. Milt grasped my hair and fucked my face with his dong.

They got a rhythm going, faster and faster. Marvis pounded into my ass, reaming my chute. Milt plunged back and forth in my mouth, bending down my throat and out again.

My dizzy head was pushed up, my swollen ass pulled back. I gasped air through my flaring nostrils, burning with heat, sweating out of every pore, struggling to stay conscious with all of that meat stuffing my butt and filling my face. They gave it to me at both ends, backwoods busted style.

Milt yelped, jerked, his fingers biting into my scalp. Hot, salty semen spurted against the back of my throat, squirted out the sides of my mouth, the kid's cock jumping and spunking.

Marvis rammed my ass with a vengeance, the crack of his clenched thighs against my rippling cheeks blasting the heavy air above even Milt's cries of joy. Then he grunted, shuddered. His cock surged in my chute, shot searing sperm up against my bowels, the guy

dousing me with his lust like his cousin.

I wrenched a hand off the wood and grabbed onto my own thundering wood. One stroke was all it took. I shivered in the throes of the two men's ecstasy, and my own, spilling seed all over the boards, before blacking out.

They showed me the plane, when it became clear I wasn't leaving the bayou until I'd found it.

The Cessna was buried nose-deep in a stagnant swamp pool about two miles north of where the guys kept a shack. They'd seen it go down, had lit out for it in their flat-bottomed boat, which now sported a brand-new outboard motor, I noticed.

I jumped out of the boat and waded through the scummy water to the plane, combed through the cabin and cockpit. I didn't find a thing – except the body of Rick Anson, still strapped into the pilot's seat.

We went back to the shack. I grabbed the shotgun when Marvis attempted to hand it to Milt, so he could go out for a leak.

'OK, boys, enough fun and games. Where's the money?' I rasped, pointing both barrels at both men.

Milt licked his lips. Marvis grinned. The sticky, suffocating heat in the small shack weighed down on me like a living, breathing thing.

'There wasn't any …'

'There was money! Five hundred thousand dollars that Anson robbed from the Brinks' armoured car depot in Utica. Where is it?'

'Oh, yeah,' Milt offered. 'We turned that over to the sheriff's department, mister. When we told them about the crash.'

'That's right,' Marvis chimed in. 'We're supposed to get a reward for recovering it.'

They nodded at each other, grinning.

I raised the shotgun up to my shoulder and locked it in, tightening my finger on the trigger. 'If you told the sheriff, there should be cops crawling all over this sweltering backwater, no body still hanging up in the plane. And you two shouldn't have new fishing and boating gear – until *after* you've received your "reward".' I aimed the shotgun at their heads. 'Go on – with the truth this time. Where'd you hide …'

'Drop it, mister!'

A third man, another cousin. His name was Malcolm. He carried a pistol, was tall and wide and coal-black, had close-cropped hair and a gold ring in his right ear. His head was huge, to go along with his body, his features thick and heavy, brown eyes hooded by sleepy lids.

'You're going to go back to where you came from and never come here again,' he advised me. 'No hard feelings. Unless you want 'em.'

'He wants it,' Marvis said, taking the shotgun from me.

I *was* hard, had feelings. All those men in those close, sweaty quarters, had stirred up the feelings in my loins again. And I wasn't alone. 'A farewell send-off, eh?' I said, smiling good-naturedly.

They stretched me out on top of the low wooden table that occupied a third of the shack. Malcolm gripped my bare legs to his massive, muscle-cleaved chest, his nightstick pointing ominously at my ass. While Milt eagerly lapped at my nipples, ran his hands all over my bare chest and stomach. And Marvis stuffed his engorged cock into my open mouth.

I sucked on Marvis' prong, shifting my head back and forth, wet-vaccing cap and shaft. Milt spun his bright pink tongue all around my nipples, making them buzz, bud higher and harder. He sucked on them, bit into them, cupping my shimmering pecs and caressing my

heaving stomach, fondling my hard cock. Malcolm pressed his lube-greased hood in between my butt cheeks and up against my pucker.

Marvis took my moan of pleasure full length along his cock in my mouth. As Malcolm squished his hood through my starfish, sunk liquorice log shaft into my anus. He drilled deep as his dong was long, clutching my quivering thighs, rocking my body with cock.

Milt picked up my prick and sucked on it. I sucked on Marvis' prick, the guy guiding my head to and fro. But I hardly felt the one man's velvety mouth, the other man's oiling dong; as the biggest of the three men pounded into my ass with his sledge of a hammer, blasting my anus and body full of sensation. His shunting slammer filled me entirely, swelling my being, stroking and stoking my soul.

Milt dropped my dick and crowded in close to my head, anxious to get sucked like his cousin. The two men fed me cock in long, treacle tubes, each fucking my face in turn. As the giant gored my asshole with his ebony horn.

I knew I wouldn't walk straight for a week, be able to sit up in a chair, and I welcomed it. Excitedly sucking off two men, getting brutally fucked by a third. My eye still on the prize, all the same.

Marvis groaned and clawed at my hair. He flung his hips at my head in a frenzy, balls bouncing off my drooling chin, cock pistoning my mouth and throat. Then he howled, jetted, jizzing me. I gulped madly.

Milt jerked my head his way, sawed my face with his cock. He cried out, and creamed me, spouting his rubbery sperm right down my throat. I swallowed for all I was worth, getting showered with semen and sweat.

They twisted my head back and forth between their spurting dongs, sticking and spunking my mouth; my ass and body getting banged to and fro by Malcolm's mammoth member. The big guy cursed, hollered, ferociously splitting my anus with his axe. Then he shook out of control, muscles popping all over his gleaming noir body. Semen scorched my chute, blast after blast, squirted out of my overstuffed burning raw butt.

I came hands-free and hard as huge Malcolm. My cock leapt up off my stomach and geysered come, Malcolm's pumping dong propelling my own lust all over my face and chest. I clung to blurred consciousness by the skin of my teeth biting into Marvis' cock.

They let me go with that warning never to return, that flying fucking send-off.

I returned six hours later, with a search warrant and ten fellow Treasury Agents. I'd lied to the boys about being with the FAA, but I *was* a member of a federal authority, with a duty I was sworn to perform.

Because if I couldn't get my sweaty hands on that money for myself, dishonestly, pursue my dream of a life of leisure on the Mediterranean coast; at least I could recover it for the armoured car company, honestly, maybe garner a promotion and pay raise for breaking the case.

Dream Lover

Malcolm was sleeping, flat on his back on the bed, head turned to the right side on the pillow, sheet drawn up to his chin. My balls stirred with desire, the dark, handsome guy looking so peaceful and innocent, fucking hot.

Malcolm and I had been going together for only a couple of months. But he'd already given me his key. And I'd used it, to let myself in early that morning. To observe the luscious liquorice man sleeping. It's a fetish I have, watching men sleep, kissing them, licking them, fondling them, fucking them while they sleep. A man's never so beautiful than when he's at peace with the world, nestled in the warm, comforting arms of slumber.

I hadn't mentioned my mancolepsy to Malcolm. This was my first chance to give him a try.

I slipped off my T-shirt and kicked off my shoes, unbuckled my jeans and pushed them down and off. I stepped out into the warm yellow early-morning glow of Malcolm's bedroom completely naked, my cock stretched rock-hard in front of me, gleaming dark and smooth and long as my boyfriend's body stretched undercover out on the bed.

I gripped shaft and buckled at the knees, suppressing a moan, my meat throbbing wildly in my palm. I stroked, caressing snake, watching the perfect rising and falling of Malcolm's chest, the twin points of his nipples indenting the thin cotton sheet, the rigid outline of his form.

Savouring the exquisite moment, I jacked slow and sure and strong, slipped a hand up onto my chest, clasped fingers around a stiffened nipple and rolled. I had to swallow another groan of pleasure, pulling on my cock, pulling on my nipple. I plucked at the other nipple, got that black bud up and brimming, then slid my free hand down my body and around my erection and on to my balls.

I cupped and squeezed and twisted my shaven sac, tugging on my smooth-skinned dong. I bent almost double under the illicit sexual pressure, working the nuts, the pole. And then I advanced, cock leading the way.

The shag hid my footsteps. I stood right next to the bed, cock jutting out in the warm, breathless air, straining to overshadow Malcolm's calm, chiselled face. I reached out and gripped the top of the sheet, drew it slowly down.

More and more of the lean, muscled man appeared, the white curtain lowering on his ebony body, sliding down his chest, popping over his nipples. I stared at those blue-black buds and licked my lips, almost tasting their thick, rubbery firmness.

Malcolm's arms were down by his sides, and as I pulled the sheet lower, over his flat, hard, undulating stomach, he clenched at the edges, grabbing onto the reinforced cotton. 'Damn,' I breathed, stopped just above his bellybutton.

I knew the guy slept in the buff, but the way his hips were turned slightly, his cock wasn't even a bulge in the sheet. I had to do something about that. If I couldn't see it, I could feel it.

I climbed onto the bed, slowly, carefully, stealthily, a spring-whisperer extraordinaire. There was hardly any sound at all. Just the smooth, uninterrupted breathing of my man, the pounding of my heart in my chest and the beating of the blood in my cock.

I straddled Malcolm's narrow waist, standing up on my knees, not touching the sleeping dawg. My cock speared out over him, and I gave it a few brisk, loving tugs, feeling the heat of Malcolm's body so close, smelling the musky scent of the hot-blooded man.

His nipples were just too good to resist. I lowered my silky fingers and softly traced circles around the pebbled areolas, as delicate as twin feathers. Malcolm smacked his lips and thrust his chin up, arched his muscle-humped chest. But his eyelids stayed firmly closed. I lowered my head in place of my fingers and slid out the glistening pink length of my tongue and tapped one of Malcolm's buds with the tip.

He grunted, his night-shaded nipples swelling up thicker, higher. I tickled the other pointed protuberance with my tongue, breathing hot, humid breath all over it. Then I withdrew my sticker and pushed out my lips, softly kissing one of the buds, the other, cushioning a nipple between my lips and oh-so-gently tugging.

Another grunt, a turn of the head. I nursed on Malcolm's other nipple. The pair soon shone wet and rigid with my loving. I nipped one with my teeth and then drew back. Something else had swelled up now – in between Malcolm's legs.

I cautiously kneed my way up higher on the bed, almost over the top of Malcolm's head. Then I lifted my right leg, swung it around, rotating my body. My left knee slid onto the pillow next to Malcolm's slumbering head, right knee planting down on the other side.

It was a delicate manoeuvre, but I'm a pretty delicate guy; except for that swelled-up appendage in between my legs, of course. I let it hang down to Malcolm's face, bloated hood taking the warm, even breath from his mouth. As I faced his own swelling cock in the sheet.

He'd moved his hips flat now, so that I could clearly see his outlined dick trailing down his right thigh. I knew just how big that member could get, and I vowed to get it up and coursing full-length, as my man slept.

I traced a finger over the thin cotton, from the base of Malcolm's cock to the tip. I could feel the rugged veins and the meat of the shaft, the lip and thickness of the hood, all through my finger and up my arm and into my dick. Malcolm caressed my cap with his heated exhalations, his cock twitching, expanding, as I finger-stroked up and down.

One finger quickly wasn't enough to encapture all of the ballooning dong. I leant it a hand, grasping shaft through sheet, feeling the pulse, the heft, pumping warm and damp and even. Malcolm sighed and thrust his hips upwards, his beefy cock filling my clutching, shifting hand.

The big guy was as easily aroused as I was, and when aroused, even bigger. His prick surged out down his thigh, stretching long and meaty under my moving hand. I had him stroked out to his full fearsome potent potential in a matter of moments, his cock consciously taking what his mind could only dream about.

I gripped his dong with both hands and squeezed, lowering my hips so that my raging cock kissed parted lips with mushroomed hood. Malcolm stuck out his tongue, wetting his lips, and my slit. I barely caught the moan in my throat. Then I kissed Malcolm's massive cap through the sheet, french-style.

He gave voice to what I was feeling – a groan of pleasure. Still asleep, but so awake and alert between his legs. I gripped his dick at the wide base and licked up and down the tree trunk shaft, bumping my own hood up and down on Malcolm's cushioning lips.

His hot breath flooded my groin, faster now. I curled my lips around the swollen, sheeted bulge of his cap and sucked gently through the threads. As I dipped hood into Malcolm's partially-open mouth, shuddering when I hit wet tongue.

His mouth opened up wider, to make room for his breathing and my cockhead. I lowered half my cap inside, the silky slide of his lips, the hot, damp touch of his tongue, making me quiver all over. I held onto his wood for dear life, daring to go deeper, sinking my entire hood inside his mouth and then basking in the wet-velvet heat.

His mouth closed on my cap, lips sealing, sucking.

'Fuck!' I groaned.

The guy had taken to my cockhead like a baby to a mother's nipple. He was still asleep, but he was sucking on my hood. I slid my lips up and down his dong, giving him the best blowjob I could under the covered circumstances. My body and brain burned with the awesome eroticism of it all, that earnest pull on the tip of my cock.

It couldn't last. I couldn't last. It had gone even further than I'd imagined, even given my fine-tuned skills as a sexual dream-weaver.

But it was Malcolm who went off first. His cock jumped under my stroking lips and swabbing tongue, the tremendous shaft surging come-hard – the cock coming. Semen spurted out, staining the sheet, burst after burst, Malcolm pumping out his unconscious ecstasy. My head went even dizzier, tasting the shooting sperm through the cotton, smelling the heated ball juice. My own cock jerked, and a shudder of sheer delight ran the length of my trembling body.

I just managed to pop my top free of Malcolm's plush lips and shift my cock over, using the last quivering ounce of my willpower. So that my jets of joy splashed the pillow, didn't drown the guy in a heated sea of jizz.

The only thing tougher than getting Malcolm and myself off while he slept, was getting that bed linen off and washed clean before he woke up.

It was a dream, a warm, lush, beautiful dream. I was in Malcolm's bed. Malcolm was caressing my bare butt cheeks with his strong, wide-palmed hands, spooning in behind me. He was naked. I was naked. His smooth, rubbing palms and long, stroking fingers felt so very good on the tingling skin of my buttocks.

'Yes,' I moaned, thrusting out my mounded backside.

Malcolm cupped the packed pair, squeezed them, his hot breath filling my ear. He licked in behind my ear, and I shuddered, shivering my cheeks in his hands.

'Frot me, big guy,' I murmured.

He bit into my earlobe, liking the idea. But I liked his idea just as much.

Because he squirmed down behind me in the bed, got butt-level, his face facing my ass. His hands spread my cheeks and his tongue shot in to fill the gap, stroke my crack all wet and wonderful and wickedly sensuous.

I jerked with pure delight, the damp, budded sensation of his tongue on the tender skin of my butt cleavage amazing. He licked again, and again, lapping my crack, tonguing me from balls to tailbone, over and over.

My cock boned out full-length, vibratingly erect. Each long, moist tongue-stroke flooded shimmering heat all through my body. And when Malcolm corkscrewed the tip of his mouth-organ all around my pucker, I knew I was in heaven.

We hadn't done much ass play in our relationship so far. But to sleep is perchance to dream.

Malcolm proved an expert in the art of eating ass. He squirmed his slippery sticker all around my manhole. Then he pushed and pulled my cheeks as wide as he could manage, really opening me up, thrusting his tongue right inside, plugging me full of erotic pleasure. He hardened his tongue into a pink blade and jabbed it in and out, fucking my anus.

I undulated my bottom, taking it and loving it. Malcolm poked deeper, filling my chute, his tongue wet and hot and alive inside me, plunging me to a whole new depth of sexual sensation.

I groaned with despair when he finally, slowly drew his sticker back out of my ass. But he quickly filled the void, squirming back up in behind me and sliding his slab of beef into

the slickened chasm of my butt cleavage. I moaned, his massive dong cramming up between my cheeks, gliding along the over sensitized skin of my butt crack.

He was pronged out as long and thick as his huge tool would go, I could feel it, all through my ass and body. He let go of my cheeks, spilling the tingling flesh over his dick, locking his cock down tight. I gripped it even tighter with my buttocks, revelling in the wicked sensation of all that dong lodged along my ass crack, pumping my bum cleavage.

This was one wild dream, brought on by our torrid night of lovemaking earlier, no doubt. Malcolm gripped my shoulders and pumped his hips, frotting back and forth in my crack. I blazed with passion, my ass on fire, the slide of the man's massive sledge between my cheeks simply awesome.

Malcolm and I had never gone anal before. 'Fuck my ass, Malcolm,' I breathed now. 'Pull that huge dong of yours out of my crack and stick it in my ass. Fuck me!' In dreams, anything was possible.

Malcolm swirled his tongue around in my ear, shunted his cock in my crack. Before pulling back, out. I spasmed when I felt the cool mist of lube, shivered when I felt Malcolm's fingers smoothing the slipperiness into my cleavage, smearing it all around my pucker. I held my breath.

Bloated hood bumped up against my manhole. 'Yes, Malcolm! Stick me! Fuck me!'

His grunt came loud and clear and dripping with lust in my ear. His cap pressed harder against my starfish, squished through, in, busting my ring and bursting into my anus. I bit my lip, trembling body and soul.

He pressed his advantage home, breathing hard, squeezing his ebony snake into my chute. Inch after swollen inch plowed inside my ass, stretching my walls and blowing my subconscious mind. My butt swelled with cock, my body with electric sensation.

'Fuck, I'm buried inside you! Balls to the booty!' Malcolm hissed in my ear.

He didn't have to tell me. I could feel every engorged, throbbing inch of his powerful prick, stuffing my ass and my dreams. 'Fuck me, Malcolm!' I pleaded.

His hands went damp on my shoulders, his breath coming in gasps, his body burning against mine. We were joined in the most intimate, manly manner possible – at the cock and chute. Malcolm shifted his hips, pumping my anus.

I pushed back, helping the man along, helping him saw my ass with his log. 'Fuck!' he grunted, feeling it almost as much as I did.

The bed creaked, we groaned, the pressure building and building. It felt like my ass would explode with all of that cock surging back and forth, hammering away at my backdoor. My own cock jutted out from my loins, brimming with feeling, and precome. Malcolm reached around and gripped it, ripped it, pumping in rhythm to his own cock pumping my anus.

It felt so real, so intense. My balls boiled, my butt ablaze, my cock about to explode.

I blinked my eyes open. Just as Malcolm yelled, 'Fuck! I'm gonna come!' He yanked on my cock, pounding into my chute from behind.

It was no dream! It was really happening! The full radical realization of it dawned on me. Just as I jerked, spurted semen out of my hand-jacked cock. As Malcolm spasmed, shot white-hot sperm deep into my bowels.

I stared unblinking at the morning sun-glowed curtains, blasting blistering orgasm out of my ruptured cock, taking sizzling orgasm up my reamed ass from Malcolm's detonated dong.

The guy later confessed it'd always been a fantasy of his to make love to a man while he slept. He hoped I wasn't too upset by his imposing on me like that?

Who says dreams don’t come true?

Glory, Glory Hole

I met Jay when I was working at the golf course before my first year of college. He showed me how to drive the smaller tractors that are used to trim the rough between the trees, the bigger tractors that are used to cut the rough along the fairways. He was a short, black-haired guy same age as me, with brown eyes and nut-brown skin, a slightly sleazy, seedy side to him. I liked him from the start.

'Hey, you ever been to a gloryhole?' he asked me one day, as we were sitting on our tractors out behind the screen of trees on the 17th fairway, eating our lunch.

Rubin was with us, a sleek, slick-haired, quiet guy who was a friend of Jay's, had worked at the golf course with him the year before.

'A gloryhole!?' I gulped, just about choking on my cheese sandwich. Jay always liked to say and do things that shocked people. It made working at the golf course almost interesting. 'You mean, like, one of those toilet stalls where you …' I couldn't say it. I was shy for an 18-year-old.

'Yeah, one of those toilet stalls where you stick your dick through the hole and some woman sucks you off on the other side.'

'Or some guy,' Rubin said, snickering.

'Well, yeah, if you're into that,' Jay admitted. 'But you aren't into that, are you, Troy?'

My throat went dry. I nearly choked on my sandwich a second time, my hand shaking the bread. 'Nah, of course not,' I finally responded, looking at Jay's sharp-featured, handsome face, then into Rubin's soulful brown eyes.

'Good,' Jay went on. 'Anyway, my uncle, Uncle Tony – I've told you about him, Rubin – he owns this sex store that sells, like, books and DVD's and toys and dolls, and has a peepshow in the back … along with a pair of bathrooms for women and men.' He eyed us significantly.

'I thought you said Uncle Tony was in jail?' Rubin interrupted the discussion.

'Yeah, he was, but he got out, bought this store. He says bootlegging and bookmaking are a thing of the past, it's sex that sells.'

'It took him five-to-ten to figure that out?' Rubin commented, taking a bite of his burrito and chewing.

'Anyway, it's Ladies' Night at the store every Friday, and Uncle Tony says there're some pretty good-looking broads who go into that women's washroom after ten o'clock or so. And they always come out smiling and licking their lips with sweet satisfaction, if you know what I mean?'

Rubin scoffed. I stared at Jay, mesmerised.

'You want to give it a whirl, Troy? Only …'

'Here comes the pitch,' Rubin cut in.

'There's a 20-dollar cover charge.'

I swallowed a lump of bread and cheese, dry. 'Well, uh, what would I do … exactly?'

Jay grinned the whitest, brightest teeth I'd ever seen, blinding me further.

'You got him hooked now, Jay,' Rubin remarked, wiping his soft brown hands off on his lean, jeaned legs. 'Reel him in.'

'You pay Uncle Tony the cover charge, go to the back of the store, into the women's washroom, the middle stall, and then stick your dick through the hole in the wall and wait and see what it picks up. Should be a hot babe sucking you senseless in seconds.'

‘The women’s washroom …’

‘Yeah, don’t go into the men’s can, whatever you do. The action is wild in there. Unless … you’re into that?’

I shook my head uncertainly, as Jay waggled his eyebrows and Rubin looked at me.

Then Jay suddenly jumped off his tractor and tackled me off mine, landing on top of me on the grass. He pumped his hips, pretending to screw me, peppering my face with his red lips, pretending to kiss me.

The guy always pulled crazy stunts like that, especially when he was trying to get you to do something you weren’t sure of, like giving him money for one of his schemes. I just couldn’t get a clear read on him; didn’t have such a good read on myself at that age, for that matter.

‘Oh, baby!’ Jay breathed in my face. ‘You want a man to suck your big, hard cock, don’t you? Maybe suck his cock, get fucked up the ass by his big, beautiful boner.’

I struggled, but he was strong for a guy his size. I could feel his soft cock pumping into my prick, feel my cock pumping up with blood under the onslaught, despite my best efforts to keep cool and keep it down. His hard body felt so hot against mine, his lips on my face so wonderful.

Before I even realised what I was doing, I went limp in his arms, accepting, welcoming his kisses and humping, moving my hips just a little to meet his cock with my surging boner. That’s when he pulled back his head and stared at me, then rolled right off of me.

‘So, are you in?’

Like he had to ask.

I breathed, ‘I’m in.’

I pushed open the black garbage bag-papered door of Tony’s Sex Shop at ten o’clock, Friday night, slipped inside the store. It was narrow and cramped, crammed with rows and rows of books and magazines and DVDs, sex toys up on the walls and display cases. Raucous moaning and groaning came from the back of the store, along with the faint smell of semen. The tiled floor was crooked and none of the spluttering florescent lights generated more than 50 watts. There wasn’t a woman, hot or otherwise, in sight.

I turned to leave.

‘Hey, stay a while!’ someone yelled.

The guy behind the long, chipped counter that ran along one wall. He was big and fat with greasy black hair and a mole on his left cheek, a dead cigar in his mouth. ‘We got something for everybody!’ He gestured me over.

I mumbled, ‘Jay, uh, mentioned something about … holes …’

‘You want the gloryholes!?’ he yelled loud enough for the neighbouring liquor store to hear. ‘You’re Jay’s friend, huh? For you, only twenty-five bucks.’

‘Twenty-five!?’ I blurted.

‘Twenty-five,’ Tony confirmed, not-so-friendly-like.

I paid him the money, headed towards the rear of the store. The moaning and groaning grew even louder, along with the scent of sperm. There were private video booths back there, along with the peepshow booths. An old guy bumped into me, and even in the darkened hallway, I recognised my former Scout leader.

I took the fork at the end of the hallway where the arrows pointed to the washrooms. The women’s room was on the right, the men’s on the left. I took a quick glance around, sucked funky air into my lungs, coughed it out, slipped into the women’s room.

It was empty. I quickly pushed into the middle stall, shut the door, shot the bolt. And instantly regretted the fact that I hadn’t taken the time to look under the other stalls for

occupants.

I looked around the inside of my stall, and saw a small, padded hole in the green metal left-hand wall, waist-high. Jay hadn't been shitting me! I licked my lips, unzipped, stuck my limp dick through the hole, knowing I had to act fast or I'd loose my nerve.

And that's when I chided myself a second time – for not sticking my eyes into the hole first, to see what, if anything, was on the other side. The stall wall was too high to look over. But it was too late now, so I just stood there pressed against the metal, trembling, my cock hanging through the hole.

Ten seconds passed, half a minute, a minute. I didn't hear a sound on the other side, and no one came into the washroom. I was about to pull out and zip up and get the fuck out of there before I made any more of a fool and sucker of myself … when I felt a warm, soft hand suddenly engulf my cock.

'Oh, God!' I yelped, jerking at the skin-on-skin touch.

Fingers lightly grasped my prick, palm glided back and forth. I surged with feeling and heat and blood, my cock leaping up into that tender, unknown hand almost fully erect in an instant.

I gripped the top of the stall wall and pressed myself full-length against the smooth metal, spearing my prick as far out as it would go out the other end, into that hand; which swirled up and down my throbbing length. My face blazed red and my body burned, my cock tingling hard and tight as my balls.

And just when I thought it couldn't get any better, it got better. When that warm, dry, gripping hand was replaced with hot, wet, gripping mouth.

'Jesus!' I cried, enveloped in moist, heated sensation. The mouth on the other side consumed my pulsating prick almost right down to the fuzzy balls, electrifying me body and soul.

I was locked down in that wet-hot cauldron for a solid, awesomely sensuous 30 seconds or so. And then the mouth pulled back, lips dragging along my shaft, tongue caressing the underside of my rock-hard dong. I gasped for air. And the mouth dove back down the length of my cock again, capturing me whole again; then pulling back up.

I was getting sucked, expertly, super-erotically, that mouth wet-vaccing my prick with slow, deep pulls. Then tight, quick tugs, ruthlessly hoovering me to the point of no return, and past it.

I sunk my fingernails into the metal and bleated with joy, my balls boiling out of control. Sperm blasted out of my pipe and into the sucking mouth. I should've yelled a better warning, I guess, but coherent words failed me, my jumping cock, the spurting semen speaking volumes.

And I do mean volumes. I came harder and longer than I'd ever come before, the utter weirdness and wantonness of it all totally blowing me away, sending me sailing to new heights of ecstasy.

I was sucked dry of every last drop. Before my prick fell limp out of the mouth and the hole, my body falling back, also limp. I leaned against the opposite wall of the stall and stared at the gaping gloryhole, hardly believing what had just happened. And then I gaped in total amazement, at what did happen.

A cock speared through the hole, seven inches out onto my side. A long, smooth, beautifully capped, tan-coloured prick. Forcing my shattered mind to piece together the fact that I'd just been sucked off by a *guy*!

I fell to my knees, unable to support the enormous, liberating thought for the moment. I grabbed onto the hot prick, to support myself, and stroked it. I pumped that hard, pulsating

dong with my hand.

And it responded – growing longer, seizing up harder. I tugged tighter and faster, really pulling on the prick, emboldened by the feeling of power I was wielding over another man's cock. It was me making this man hard, me responsible for the hot, pulsing beat in his handsome, cut cock.

He jumped higher in my hand, as I jacked faster and faster, my hand flying.

'Suck it!' someone groaned, just as a pearl of precome flowed into the gaping slit and down onto my fist.

I stopped my hand, licked the come off of it, swallowed. Then I painfully opened up my clutching fingers and pulled my hand away from the lovely cock; replaced it with my mouth.

I stuck my tongue out and swirled the wet, pink mouth-organ around the moulded hood of the cock. It twitched with delight. I rotated my tongue around and around, tasting hood. And then I opened my mouth even wider and slid my lips over the top of the puffed-up helmet.

A body banged against the wall on the other side. I sealed my lips over hood and tugged, sucking like I'd been sucked. The cock was delicious, the head soft and meaty.

I pushed forward, opening up wider, letting that prick slide into my mouth, inch by swollen inch, welcoming it. It was a heady experience, beyond my wildest dreams. In seconds I had a man's cock filling my mouth and pressing down into my throat.

I sucked air through my nostrils, my face and body burning, my own cock gone astonishingly hard again between my legs. I consumed as much of that pipe as I could for as long as I could. Then I pulled back, pushed forward, sucking, *actually* sucking on a man's cock!

He loved it, too, banging his fists on the stall wall. I bobbed my head back and forth, lips sealed tight, cheeks billowing, tongue stroking. I scraped shaft a couple of times with my teeth, but I did pretty good, enjoying every inch of it.

I planted my hands on the wall on either side of my head and sucked that cock with the eagerness and intensity of the lusty first-timer. The man groaned, pumping his cock into my sucking mouth. Until he couldn't take any more.

Only, he didn't come, like I had. Instead, he yelled, 'Turn around, pull down your pants, let me fuck your ass!'

I thought I recognised the voice, and I thrilled at the knowledge; thrilled at the prospect of getting fucked in the ass!

I shoved my pants down to my ankles, and a bottle of lube sailed over the wall and bounced on the tiled floor. I picked it up, quickly rubbed my crack with some of the slippery substance. My hand shook, my entire body, as I realised this was actually happening – another man was going to stick his cock into my butt. There was no going back after this.

I gulped, and grinned. Then I shoved my greased bum against the stall wall, my cheeks splatting out on the metal, asshole in line with the gloryhole. I reached back and gripped my butt cheeks and pulled them apart, and cockhead instantly hit my exposed manhole.

'Yes!' I groaned, the man's hood pushing up against my pucker, finding my soft, ultra-sensitive spot.

He shoved his cap right through, inside of me, bursting my ring and my anal cherry. I jumped, my butthole plugged. He drove his cock deep into my chute, slow and sure and wickedly sensual, filling me up, making my head spin and my body overheat. He thrust his entire long prick into me, stretching my chute and bloating my ass.

Before I could even recover, he started fucking me, pumping his cock back and forth

inside of me, pistoning my chute. I dropped my hands down onto my bare knees, rocking with that cock, getting gloriously butt-fucked. He pumped faster and faster, really churning my chute, setting me on fire. I grabbed onto my own flapping hard-on and stroked in frantic rhythm to that cock in my ass.

I could hear him gasping and groaning and grunting on the other side, his body slapping against the metal, rattling the stall. I moaned in erotic reply, my anus seared beyond belief by his shunting cock, ass getting thumped.

'Fuck, yeah!' he suddenly bellowed, pounding into me in a frenzy. This time he was going to come, all right – right inside my butt!

My cock exploded in my fist. Just as the wall shook behind me and hot sperm spurted into my bung. I sprayed out one end, getting filled with liquid heat the other end. It went on and on, the whole room shaking with our ecstasy. Until we were finally drained.

I staggered out of the women's room and down the hall and back into the store proper, my butt still tingling warmly. And then I was shocked to the groin all over again, when I saw Jay standing at the cash register at the front of the store talking to Tony!

'Hey!' he said, waving at me.

I'd been the first one out of the washroom, and if *he* hadn't been on the other side of that gloryhole, then …

'Uncle Tony says there haven't been any broads in all night. I guess you got tired of waiting, huh?' He slapped me on the shoulder, making no mention of a refund, of course. 'Better luck next time.'

I grinned weakly; then broadly, when we all saw Rubin emerge from the hallway at the back, a satisfied smile on his beaming face.

Johnny Club

'Hey, kid, watcha lookin' at?' Johnny Club laughed, idly stroking the salami dangling down between his legs, looking over at the pretty boy he'd picked up at the downtown martini bar.

'I … I …' the young man gulped, staring at Johnny's enormous cock, the gliding movement of the man's big, hairy hand on the thick, veined shaft.

'What'd you say your name was, kid?'

'M … Myron. Myron Dalgliesh.'

Johnny laughed again, rising from the edge of the bed and walking over to the blond in the shiny blue suit and purple shirt, his dong bobbing long from his open fly. 'Yeah? I thought you said it was "cocksucker"' He grasped the back of Myron's neck, massaged the smooth nape with his fingers, then snapped the man's head forward and mashed his thick lips against Myron's plush, red lips.

Myron gasped, trembled, Johnny working over his mouth with a sensual roughness. The big man stuck a hand down Myron's shirt, popping buttons, palming smooth suntanned skin, latching a pair of fingers onto a puffy brown nipple and pinching.

Myron moaned into Johnny's mouth. He was no match for the tall, powerful, curly-haired man, in strength or cock. So he surrendered, willingly. Let himself be mauled, kissed.

Johnny thrust his heavy tongue into Myron's open mouth and explored the moist, red cavern and sparkling white teeth, rolling Myron's nipples so hard the young man's sea-green eyes brimmed with tears. But the pretty boy moved his tongue against Johnny's demanding tongue, and the men entwined their slippery stickers in almost equal partnership. Room 17 of the Starlight Motel, on the dilapidated outskirts of East LA.

Johnny pulled his tongue out of Myron's mouth and licked the man's lips, rasped, 'Well, come on, kid, live up to your name.' He laid his hands on Myron's shoulder, pushed him down to his knees on the thin grey carpet, so that the blond was facing Johnny's meat.

Myron stared at the massive tool. It'd engorged even longer, thicker, the huge clubhead rising up into the air right in front of Myron. He swallowed, licked his lips, reached out a tentative hand.

'Yeah,' Johnny growled, feeling the man's soft, warm, manicured fingers encircle his turgid slab.

He stripped off his sports coat, his checked silk shirt. His broad, muscled chest was swarthy with dark hair, skin olive. He slid a hand up onto a mounded pec and gripped and twisted his own stiffened tan nipple; other hand dropping down to Myron's blond head, fingers sinking into glossy hair. 'Give it a pull, kid. See what happens.'

Myron looked up at the bare-chested giant looming over the top of him, back down at the giant organ overfilling his hand. Johnny's dong pulsed hard against his damp palm, shaft hot and heavy. Myron moved his hand, stroking the big man's cock.

'That's it,' Johnny grunted. 'Harder. Faster.'

Myron tugged, pulling on the huge appendage from fur-covered balls to boiled-up cap, marvelling at how the member grew larger still, swelling up to an absolutely awesome length in his quick-stroking hand. He gripped dick with both hands, jacked.

Johnny yanked Myron's head closer. 'Cocksucker!' he hissed.

Myron opened his mouth up as wide as it would go and slid his lips over the hood of Johnny's dong. The big man jerked at the wet velvet warmth, speared deeper into Myron's

mouth.

The blond grabbed onto Johnny's hairy nut sac, hefted and squeezed. As Johnny's cock surged into his mouth, curved down his throat. Johnny grinned, calling it, sinking his mammoth erection almost right down to the balls in Myron's face.

Myron looked up at him, cheeks and throat bulging with meat. His nostrils flared in rhythm to Johnny's heavy breathing, his hand tugging on Johnny's nuts in rhythm to the man fucking his face with his cock.

Johnny grasped Myron's head with both hands, churning his hips, shunting his dong back and forth in the young man's mouth. He plunged down throat, his shaft squeezed tight as any ass it'd fucked. He felt the hot, humid gust of Myron's breath against his groin, against the gleaming, pumping shaft of his cock.

He fucked faster and faster, driving pretty face, his balls tightening in Myron's milking fingers, with imminent release.

'Suck my sac, kid!' Johnny snarled, suddenly jerking his shining snake all the way out of Myron's overstretched mouth and raw throat.

Myron gasped for air, fingering his jaw for dislocation. Johnny thrust his pouch into the man's face. Myron dipped lower, swallowed the furry sac in one gulp.

'Balls to the walls, kid!' Johnny blurted. 'The only way to live in the swingin' '50s, huh?'

Myron glanced up at the towering man, but couldn't see past the cock overhanging his reddened face. He cradled Johnny's sac in his mouth, sucked on it, inhaling the musky, cologned scent of the big man through his gasping nostrils. He wormed his tongue around Johnny's testicles.

Johnny jerked, smacked Myron's forehead with his dong, feeling the hot pull on his balls all through his body. 'You got a real dirty mouth, kid,' he rasped. 'And it's gonna get even dirtier.'

He unbuckled his gabardine slacks and shoved them down to his ankles, Myron's mouth attached to his balls. Then he whacked the young man's face one more time, hitched his groin back so that his sac popped out of Myron's mouth, dripping and matted. He swivelled around on his heels and stuck out his ass. 'Eat it, kid.'

Myron didn't hesitate, craven in his desire. He grabbed onto Johnny's thick butt cheeks and squeezed the rounded masses, dug his fingers in and spread the pair, stuck his tongue against Johnny's asshole.

'Fuck! Yeah!' the big man yelled, jolted by the impact.

Myron ringed his tongue around Johnny's wrinkled pucker, rimming. Then he licked the hairy crack, sliding his tongue down deep in between Johnny's legs, right down to the dangling balls, then dragging up and along the man's butt cleavage to the tip of his tailbone. He did it again and again, lapping Johnny's crack with his budded tongue, making the man shiver.

'Stick it inside!' Johnny shouted. 'Fuck my chute with your tongue!' He reached back and brushed Myron's hands aside, gripped his buttocks, tore them wide open.

Myron formed his tongue into a glistening pink blade and jabbed it deep into Johnny's exposed anus. Johnny shuddered, the young man's tongue staking three inches into his ass, shooting his sensitive manhole full of shimmering feeling. Myron moved his head back and forth, plugging Johnny's chute with his tongue.

Johnny pulled a hand off a cheek and grasped his stretched-iron cock, fisted. Myron was clutching his nuts again, squeezing, pouring wet-velvet tongue down his anus.

'Open your mouth! Get your reward!' Johnny grated, spinning around, knuckles

clenching his dong burning white, hand shifting to blur.

Myron threw his mouth open, shot his tongue out as far as it would go. Johnny plunged his raging appendage into the young man's face. Just in time.

'Fuck!' he howled, jerking, jetting. He blasted wad after heavy, heated wad of come straight down Myron's throat, bucking with the savage intensity of his orgasm.

Myron's Adam's apple bobbed as fast as his head had just earlier, swallowing the hot, salty gouts of sperm.

Until Johnny staggered backwards, his spent shooter stringing a pure white line of semen from his slit to Myron's lips, connecting the two men more intimately than Johnny even realised at the time.

The shakedown came a day later. As Johnny was sipping a Rob Roy in Hy's on Figueroa. A man slid into the red leather booth across from him, dropped a manila envelope down on the walnut tabletop.

'Name's Shuster,' the guy said. 'FBI.' He tapped the envelope. 'Got something for your boss here.'

Johnny swallowed a slug of his drink, set the glass down. He gazed sourly at the little man. 'What boss?'

The guy grinned, ran a pale, puffy hand through his thinning brown hair. 'Don't play cute with me, Johnny boy. You ain't got the looks for it. I'm talkin' about Izzy Green, the Big G. You're one of his bodyguards, ain't ya?'

Johnny casually glanced around the cool, dark interior of the nearly empty bar. 'Beat it, half-pint.'

Shuster's round face tightened. He grabbed up the envelope and ripped it open, spilled 8X10 black and white pictures out in front of Johnny.

The glossies portrayed young Myron sucking on Johnny's cock, the big man's balls, eating out Johnny's spread-open ass. The last three captured the orgasmic bliss on Johnny's face, at the moment his face-buried prick coated Myron's throat and stomach.

'So?'

Shuster laughed, nervously. He pulled a handkerchief out of the breast pocket of his white flannel suit and mopped his face, despite the cool. 'I doubt if Izzy's gonna be too happy to find he's got a real … man's man on his payroll. Big, tough, he-man Johnny Club,' he added with a sneer.

'You hire that kid?'

'He's one of our … operatives.'

Johnny drained the rest of his drink. 'What'd you want, Shuster?'

'*We* want the Big G – wrapped up with a bow and ready for delivery to a federal prison, where he belongs.'

Johnny laughed. 'So I'm as good as dead either way, huh?'

'Not at all. We know there's a shipment of H coming in from Mexico soon. All you gotta do is tip us off to the date and location. We'll handle the rest. We know Izzy likes to attend the big transfers personally, and this is a real big one. You can be there and get busted like all the others.' The little man shrugged. 'Then we'll see about gettin' ya sprung – early.'

Johnny regarded Shuster with a shrewdness that belied his reputation for violent crudeness. 'And what do *you* want out of the deal, sweetness?'

Shuster licked his thin lips. 'I wanna fuck you up the ass, big boy. Payback for all the times you and your boss wriggled out of our beefs.'

Johnny grunted, thumbing through the explicit snapshots. 'These got you hot, huh?'

Shuster didn't reply, just mopped his sweaty face with his scented handkerchief.

Johnny shrugged, pushed up. ‘Let’s go.’

Shuster watched the man’s big, rounded buttocks clench and jostle in the back of his slacks. Then he shot a quick glance around the bar, shoved out of the booth, chased after Johnny into the washroom down the hall.

‘Blow,’ Johnny told the attendant. He turned to Shuster. ‘How we gonna do this?’

The man’s eyes darted around the black and white tiled restroom. ‘I’m doing it to you this time, big boy. On that couch over there.’ He pointed at the red leather couch parked against the far wall of the spacious washroom. ‘Take off your pants and get your legs up in the air.’

Johnny complied, slowly stepping out of his slacks and drawers. His cock dangled heavy from his loins, hanging low.

Shuster tongued his lips, watching Johnny walk over to the couch, sit down, spread and raise his legs. The big man’s hairy pucker winked at Shuster.

‘Jesus!’ he muttered, staring at the length of beef stretched out on Johnny’s stomach. Then he flipped the lock on the restroom door and hustled over, fumbling his own belt open and zipper down as he did so. His dick was pink-shafted and purple- capped, paled in comparison to Johnny’s semi-erection.

‘You’re not gonna do a dry run, I hope?’ Johnny cracked, gripping his thighs.

Shuster fumbled a tube out of his pocket, squeezed lube onto his hard-on. He shuffled forward, poked Johnny’s manhole with the swollen tip of his cock. Then he gritted his teeth and slotted his dick right into Johnny’s anus.

He went in hot and tight and easy, gliding deep; until all that showed were his shaven balls. He left his dick lodged motionless in Johnny’s ass, his face blazing red, as he gripped one of the man’s knees, grabbed up the man’s cock with his other hand.

‘You’re big capture, huh, Shuster?’ Johnny said, his massive cock engorging still more in the smaller man’s little hand, ass muscles gripping Shuster’s prick in a vice.

Shuster’s grey eyes went glassy. He pumped his hand up and down the length of Johnny’s tremendous dong. Then remembered to pump his hips, pistoning his dick back and forth in Johnny’s heated chute.

Johnny regarded the huffing and puffing man through hooded eyes, feeling the urgent tug of his hand, the eager thrust of his prick. He grinned coolly at Shuster, calmly taking the man’s stroking and stuffing.

Drool dribbled out of the corner of Shuster’s mouth, snot leaking out of a nostril. His face flamed, his body burning with the sexual effort of fucking the big man’s ass, fisting his dong. He pumped faster and faster, gasping for breath. Johnny’s cock surged massive in his flying hand, the man’s anus sucking hard on his plunging dick.

Johnny grinned, as the little man yelped and quivered, spurted hot seed into his chute. He felt the guy spray over and over, jerking inside and outside his ass, gripping Johnny’s cock in a death grip. And Johnny played ball all the way. He grunted, semen leaping out of the tip of his cock and splashing up into Shuster’s face.

Shuster tried to control the trajectory of the gushing hose, but it, and his own orgasm were too powerful. His face and suit were striped with Johnny’s sticky, heated come, marked. As he blew out his own balls in Johnny’s anus.

An abandoned airstrip in the San Fernando Valley was the setting for the second part of the transaction. Izzy Green showed up with a satchel. A plane buzzed and landed, and three men got out, one of them carrying a suitcase.

The Big G, Johnny Club and the three men met by the plane. They were exchanging luggage, when two cars suddenly roared out of the bushes one side of the airfield and up to

the group.

Eight guys leapt out of the vehicles, guns drawn.

'We'll take the H and the dough, Izzy,' Shuster said to the mob boss, grinning at the man's bodyguard. 'See, the only G-Men I know are some of the Feds back in Cleveland, who booked me that one time.'

'These bums are part of the Rizzo mob!' Izzy snarled. 'Looking to expand operations outside of Ohio, huh?'

Johnny smiled at Shuster, nice and cool-like. 'I thought you were a little too dirty, even for a Fed.' He shook a cigarette out of a deck he pulled from his breast pocket, set it ablaze.

That was the signal. Izzy, Johnny and the men from the plane ducked around to the other side of the aircraft, opened fire. As more members of the Green mob waded out of the brush and established a second front of lead, catching the Rizzo boys in the deadly crossfire.

It was over in minutes.

Johnny didn't find the X-rated pictures, didn't really expect to. Their secret died with Shuster. But he did find Myron Dalgliesh back at the Starlight Motel. The kid was impatiently waiting, for his reward; after spilling his guts over the phone about the mob entrapment deal to Johnny shortly after Shuster had made his move. The pretty boy had a hunger for more of what Johnny had given him the first time, couldn't bear the thought of that dong being put on ice, instead of in mouth, or ass, where it belonged.

It wasn't the first time Johnny Club had gotten what he'd wanted with his oversized cock. Wouldn't be the last time, either.

He fed Myron his meat. The young man eagerly gobbled it up.

Only this time, Johnny'd packed another rod along with him. Not as large, but just as hard, and effective; to be used after the cocksucking.

The big-hearted and dicked lug just couldn't refuse a last meal for the condemned.

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